Chosen Vessels

REV. J. O. McCLURKAN

Gould
BV
3780
M12

GOULD LIBRARY
EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE

Chosen Vessels

(ILLUSTRATED)

Twenty-one Biographical Sketches of Men and Women, most of whom have been used of God in Pioneering Some Great Pentecostal Movement.

BY

REV. J. O. McCLURKAN,

AUTHOR OF

"Wholly Sanctified," "How to Keep Sanctified" and "Behold He Cometh."

—o—

"For he is a chosen vessel unto me."—*Acts 9:15.*

—o—

PENTECOSTAL MISSION PUBLISHING CO.,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

232

PREFACE.

THESE SKETCHES have been hastily written amid the pressure of other duties. They were first published in ZION'S OUTLOOK, and were so kindly received that we now offer them to the public in a more permanent form. We have drawn freely from various sources, seeking to acquaint the reader, in as brief a space as possible, with the most interesting and helpful features connected with the persons and work herein described. As the reader will observe, a few of the chapters were written by others, to whom they are duly credited.

The doctrine of Sanctification is emphasized in these sketches, and the thoughtful reader will soon discover the secret of much of the marvelous success which attended the labors of these "chosen vessels." We send this book forth in the name of Him who "suffered without the gate, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood." The Lord grant that both the reader and the writer may enjoy this great grace.

J. O. McCLURKAN.

Nashville, Tenn., July 6, 1901.

ould
BV
3780
M12

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

George Whitefield 5

CHAPTER II.

Frances Willard 17

CHAPTER III.

Robert Whitaker McAll 25

CHAPTER IV.

Robert Moffatt 33

CHAPTER V.

Madame Guyon 41

CHAPTER VI.

Recollections of Rev. Chas. G. Finney .. 53

CHAPTER VII.

Hester Ann Rogers 63

CHAPTER VIII.

The Millionaire Evangelist 71

CHAPTER IX.

Frances Ridley Havergal 83

CHAPTER X.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor 95

CHAPTER XI.

William Carvosso 103

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. E. M. Whittemore 111

CHAPTER XIII.

John Fletcher 121

CHAPTER XIV.

Rev. Henry Wilson 131

CHAPTER XV.

Francis Asbury 139

CHAPTER XVI.

A Blind Evangelist 147

CHAPTER XVII.

Adam Clarke 157

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sam Jones on the Second Blessing 163

CHAPTER XIX.

William Booth 173

CHAPTER XX.

Jerry McAuley 181

CHAPTER XXI.

The Eleventh Hour Laborers 191

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/chosenvesselsill00mccl

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

CHOSEN VESSELS.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.

GEORGE WHITFIELD, the chief sacred orator of modern times, was born at Gloucester, England, 1714. He led a vicious life in his youth securing, as he says, "a fitness to be damned," yet he had some deep religious feelings. At fifteen, he was waiter in a hotel, and in his blue apron "washed mops and cleaned rooms." Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" fell into his hands. It touched his heart. His gift of eloquence had already been noticed, and he heard that he could get an education at Oxford. Thither he went as waiter and servant, expecting to thus provide for his expenses. He was extremely devout, and was constant in prayers and fasting, but the way to pardon and peace with God he could not find. "I no more knew that I was to be born again than if I was never born at all." He had heard of the Methodists, and loved them, before he came to Oxford, and he now took their part against all ridicule. He often gazed at the little company

as they passed through the sneering crowd to church and sacrament, and longed to be one of them.

At last the young orator was introduced to Charles Wesley, and the young poet took him into lively and ardent sympathy. Charles brought his new friend to the Holy Club. They taught him how to live to the glory of God, and he found their regimen of prayer and praise, of meditation and philanthropy, most profitable and delightful. Yet he was affected, as Wesley had been, by the intense ungodliness around him, and it seemed as if, in order to serve God, he must renounce the world, and live in "quietism" and seclusion. But he afterwards learned that this idea was a wile of Satan, and was delivered from it.

But his agony of mind over his soul's condition became intense. He neglected his person until his employers dismissed him for his shabbiness, and students threw dirt at him in the street. He lay whole days and weeks prostrate on the ground in prayer, with sweat dripping from his face, or trembling with cold. His health gave way, and sickness came on, "for which I shall bless God through the ages of eternity." In the seventh week of it he saw that it was for *him* that the Savior died, that *his* sins were borne on the cross. The vision filled his heart with strange and sud-

den joy: "On that day my joys were like a spring-tide, and overflowed the banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing psalms aloud. Afterward they became more settled, and have increased in my soul ever since." What a preparation for a great calling!

The Bishop of Gloucester wished to ordain him. Like a knight of old, watching with his armor, he spent the hours in prayer, and, at his ordination his "Amen" was deep, generous and unreserved. "When the Bishop laid his hand on me, I gave up myself to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me."

He then entered upon his work as an evangelist. To the marvel of his preaching all of his day bear witness. Hume, celebrated skeptic, said he would go twenty miles to hear Whitfield preach, while he would not hear a common preacher.

Besides his blazing heart, the evangelist had rare personal qualities. He was tall and fair, and his face beamed with a generous ardor. His gestures and grace of bearing were admired by those who heard Garrick and Chatham, while the common people were in wild, uncritical delight. His early life taught him how to touch the common heart. To this was added "the finest voice of the the century," which in its delicate tones was still audible to thousands, and in its power, often rose

above the noise of the elements and tumult of the people. No other such orator ever yet spoke our English tongue, yet the excellency of his power was of God, and not of himself.

His first sermon, in the church of his childhood, proved his power. He was soon preaching in London. "Who is he?" was the inquiry of a surprised and delighted people, who thronged to hang upon his lips with strange emotions, and to bless him as he passed along. The gospel seemed to them as something newly revealed. They were startled, and under it had searchings of heart, such as they had never felt before.

Wesley, who was now in this country, wrote to Whitfield, calling him to his aid. "Do you ask me what ye shall have? Food to eat and raiment to put on; a house to lay your head in, such as your Lord had not, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Whitfield's heart leaped as at a bugle-call, and he hastened to depart. Going to Bristol to take leave of his friends, he preached unweariedly. People of all denominations and classes flocked to hear him. The whole city seemed to be alarmed. In the crowded churches, the Word was sharper than a two-edge sword, and the doctrine of the New Birth made its way like lightning into the hearers' consciences. Returning, after a short absence, the crowd came out of the city to

welcome him and bless him as he passed. He preached five times a week. Men climbed to the church-roof, clung to the rails of the organ loft, occupied every possible position in order to hear.

At his farewell sermon, the house was loud with sobs and weepings, and until the next midnight—all the live long day he was speaking counsel and comfort.

At London, all the city was stirred. If he assisted at the Lord's Supper the elements had to be re-supplied. If he spoke for a charity the collections were trebled. Constables were employed to manage the crowds. Before the morning light throngs of people, as at the Athenian theatrical representations, filled the streets, making their way by lanterns to secure places for hearing his ten o'clock sermon.

After this immense stir in London, some were glad of his departure for Georgia, for they knew not whereto this thing would grow in his excess of zeal.

Whitfield's voyage to America was with a ship load of soldiers and emigrants, who, with the crew, were rough and ungodly. He was faithful in Christian labors, and, by the time they reached the colony, there was a visible and gratifying change. Four months he spent in continuous travel and labor among the settlements.

The colony was full of orphan children. He determined to found for them an asylum, and for this purpose he returned to England. The great work upon which he was now so fitted to enter, upon which he had already entered, was fully opened before him—the work truly called the "starting point of our modern religious history."

After a year's absence, Whitfield appears again. January 1, 1739, was the first watch-night in Methodism. Whitfield and the Wesleys, with some sixty brethren, were at a love feast in Fetterlane. As they were at prayer at three in the morning, such power from on high came upon them that many fell to the ground. Others shouted for joy. Like the apostles at Pentecost, they counted this a sure token of the divine approval of their efforts.

Whitfield was allowed to preach in a London church, although nearly all the churches were now closed to him and the Wesleys. On this occasion a thousand people stood outside, and hundreds went away for lack of standing room. As he proceeded "with great freedom of heart and clearness of voice," he thought: "Why not speak as Christ did, in the open air?" Some friends counted it wild. He took it to his Master in prayer,—"Hear and answer, O Lord for Thy name's sake."

He went to Bristol, and soon not only its churches but even its prisons were closed against

him. Near by is Kingswood, a royal forest once, then a range of coal mines, with a people heathenish in speech and manners, the lowest of Englishmen. There was no church to ask for. Whitfield felt his prayer answered, and his occasion present. On Saturday, Feb. 17, 1737, he stood on a high ground, told to two hundred colliers what they had never heard before. He thought of his Master. His pulpit a mountain, and His sounding board the dome of the sky. "Blessed be God: I have taken the field. Is there not a cause? Pulpits are denied, and poor colliers are ready to perish."

From two hundred his audience grew to twenty thousand. The scene was inspiring, and his wondrous gifts came into their fulness of action. All stood in breathless silence, "in an awful manner, filling me with holy admiration." His marvelous voice reached every one. As he went on, tears made white gutters down their coal-stained cheeks. Wide as his own nature was, and heaven mounting his soul, he was sometimes nearly overpowered, "But I was never deserted. I was strangely assisted."

As the winter evenings drew on, and over the fields beneath the solemn sky, were thousands beyond thousands "at times all affected and drenched in tears together." But "it quite overcame me."

Whitfield now passed on into Wales, where he had heroic experiences of opposition and victory.

Returning to London, he was excluded from all the churches. He resolved to preach at Moorefields, a large common, where, on Sunday the rabble of the city were wont to congregate. He made his way to the center of the fields. A table on which he was to stand was crushed, but finally from a wall he brought the noisy thousands into order as decorous as in a church. "God strengthens me exceedingly. I preach until I sweat through and through." That same evening he preached on Kensington commons. His voice was heard a mile with no loss of quality. Carriages and horseman, with perhaps forty thouand people on foot, were in his audience. The poor gave their all. One of his collections contained ten thousand pieces of copper, people still threw half pence into his carriage.

In 1739, Whitfield came again to America. Landing in Philadelphia in November, he stirred the city most wonderfully. People of all creeds crowded the churches, and, after his departure, such was the impulse from his visit that for a year public service was held twice daily, and four times on Sunday, while twenty-six societies held social prayer. From the Market House he could be heard across the Delaware, and the crews on the river caught his words distinctly.

Going to New York he stopped at Princeton, where Tennett and others had begun the education of pastors. Nassau Hall was a log building, twenty feet square. He was at once in hearty sympathy with the good men toiling in that day of small things. He was in New York a week. Preaching to sailors he introduced a storm and shipwreck so effectively that at the climax they sprang to their feet and cried: "Take to the long boats!" So were they swept along by his dramatic power.

After a year and a half, Whitfield returned to England where he entered upon three wonderful years. He had no desire to found a sect or formulate a creed. He knew his calling was to be a preacher. He visited Scotland, where he preached in many a kirk from two to seven times a day. Arriving at Camberslang, he preached three times on the day of his coming, the last sermon being from nine in the evening until eleven, and then he preached another until one in the morning, while the fields resounded all night with prayer and praise. The people fell like soldiers in battle. Twenty thousand or more met for a great sacrament. All day twenty clergymen administered, while there was preaching to those outside the sacramental tents. At night Whitfield spoke to the mass with marvelous power. In the morning he spoke to nearly as many, while thousands were

bathed in tears, some wringing their hands, and others almost swooning, others crying out and mourning over their sins.

The greatest triumph of the gospel from Whitfield's lips was on Moorefields, at Whitsuntide. At the May holidays, then occuring, "the devils had their rendezvous, and I was resolved to meet them in pitched battle." Another such a day has not been known in all the Christian centuries. Starting early, he found at six o'clock, ten thousand people waiting for the sport to begin. "I got the start of the devil." He drew the whole multitude around his field pulpit. He again entered the field at noon, when thirty thousand were swarming over it. It was in full possession of Beelzebub. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was his text, and he boldly opened the battle. Loudly and clearly he told them of the story of their sins, and called them to the Savior. The fight was fierce. At six he was again upon the field. "I came and I saw—but what? Thousands and thousands more than before." Satan was present in hot wrath. "I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound." From persons in that day of sin, a thousand notes came to him requesting prayers, and of these, at one time, three hundred were taken into his society.

But space will not admit of any more extended

notice of this the world's greatest preacher. He visited America seven times, preaching from Maine to Georgia. He preached not less than eighteen thousand sermons, preaching his last at Newburyport, Mass., where he died the same night, and where his body is buried and his tomb erected in the Presbyterian church. Oh, who would not wish to meet in the other life such a reward as George Whitfield found awaiting him? L. H.

FRANCES WILLARD.

CHAPTER II.

FRANCES WILLARD.

THIS remarkably gifted woman, who was called the "Uncrowned Queen of America," was converted at nineteen years of age. She at once plunged into the activities of Christian service. During the following six years she continued to grow in grace and in a riper and deeper acquaintance with God. About six years later she was sanctified. We prefer to let her tell her own experience in the following paragraphs, which she wrote for publication in "Forty Witnesses," a compilation of testimonies on Christian experience.

"In 1855, Mrs. Bess Hamline came to our village, and we were closely associated in the work of the American Methodist Ladies' Centennial Association that built Heck Hall. This saintly woman placed in my hands the *Life of Hester Ann Rogers; Life of Carvosso; Life of Mrs. Fletcher*; Wesley's *Sermons on Christian Perfection*; and Mrs. Palmer's *Guide to Holiness*. I had never seen any of these books before, but had read Peck's *Central Idea of Christianity* and had been greatly interested in it. I had also heard saintly testi-

monies in prayer meetings, and in a general way believed in the doctrine of Holiness. But my reading of these books, my talks and prayers with Mrs. Hamline, that modern Mrs. Fletcher, deeply impressed me. I began to desire and pray for Holiness of heart. Soon after this, Dr. and Mrs. Phœbe Palmer came to Evanston as guests of Mrs. Hamline, and for weeks they held meetings in our church. This was in the winter of 1866; the precise date I cannot give. One evening early in their meetings, when Mrs. Palmer had spoken with marvelous clearness and power, and at the close those desirous of entering into the higher Christian life had been asked to kneel at the altar, another crisis came to me. It was not so troublesome as the first, but it was one that deeply left its impress on my spirit. My dear father and a friend whom we all loved and honored sat between me and the aisle—both Christian men and greatly reverenced by me. My mother sat beyond me. None of them moved. At last I turned to mother (who was converted and joined the church when she was only twelve years old) and whispered, 'Will you go with me to the altar?' She did not hesitate a minute, and the two gentlemen moved out of the pew to let me pass, but did not go themselves.

"Kneeling in full self-abandonment, I conse-

crated myself anew to God. My chief besetments were, as I thought, a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too ready tongue, and a purpose to be a celebrated person. But in that hour of real self-examination I felt humiliated that the simple bits of jewelry I wore—gold buttons, rings and pin, all of them plain and "quiet" in their style—came up to me as the separating causes between my spirit and my Savior. All this seemed so unworthy of that sacred hour that I thought at first it was a mere temptation. But the sense of it remained so strong that I unconditionally yielded my pretty little jewels, and a great peace came to my soul. I cannot describe the deep, welling up of joy that gradually possessed me. I was utterly free from care. I was as blithe as a bird that is good for nothing but to sing. I did not ask myself, 'Is this my duty?' But just intuitively *knew* what I was called upon to do. A conscious emotional presence of Christ, through the Holy Spirit, held me. I ran about His errands 'just for love.' Life was a halcyon day. All my friends knew and noticed the change, and I would not like to write down the lovely things some of them said to me, but they did me no harm, for I was shut in with the Lord. And yet, just then there came an all unintended and unlooked for experience of what I did not then call sin, which I now believe to have been wrong.

My own realization of it was, however, so imperfect that it did mar my loyalty to Christ. In this holy, happy, state, I engaged to go to Lima, N. Y., and become preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary.

"Just before leaving, my honored friend, Dr.——, who was visiting Dr. Evans, said to me one evening: 'Sister Frank, there is a strange state of things at Lima. The Free Methodists have done great harm by their excesses in the doctrine and experience of Holiness. You must know I believe thoroughly in and profess it, but now our church has suffered so much from the "Nazarites," as they are called, and I fear if you speak and act so zealously at Lima in this cause as you do here it may make trouble. Hold to the experience, but be very careful in stating it.'

"So I went to Lima with these thoughts, and there quite soon, in a prayer meeting in the old seminary chapel, my good friend, Prof. ———, whose subsequent experience has been such a blessed heritage to Christians, replied to a student who arose to inquire about holiness, that it was a subject we did not mention here.

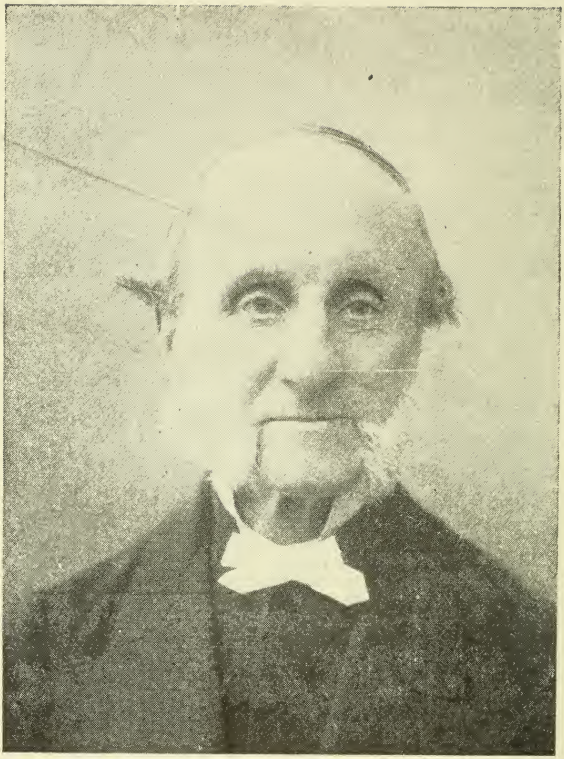
"Young and docile-minded as I was, and revering those great and true men, 'I kept still,' until I had nothing to keep still about! The experience left me, but I think pupils for that year will bear

me witness that for their conversion and spiritual upbuilding, I was constantly at work.

"Since then I have sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness whom I could reach, have read their books and compared their views. I love, reverence and am greatly drawn toward all, and never feel out of harmony with their spirit. Wonderful uplifts come to me as I press on—clearer views of the life of God in the soul of man. Indeed, it is the *only* life, and all my being sets toward it as the rivers toward the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me, the love of Christ is steadfast in my soul, the habitude of a disciple sits more easily upon me, tenderness toward humanity and the lower orders of beings increase with the years. In the Temperance, Labor and Woman's questions I see Christ's heart; in the comradeship of Christian work, my soul takes delight; and prayer has become my atmosphere. But that sweet pervasiveness, that heaven in the soul, of which I came to know in Mrs. Palmer's meetings, I do not feel."

As seen from the above testimony, Miss Willard, through a failure to testify to the experience of sanctification, seems to have lost at least some of that sweet, tender, deep joy that always accompanies this life in its incipiency. We have heard it said that in her later years, at a Christian Al-

liance Convention held at Old Orchard, Me., that she regained the joy of former years. Whether this report be correct or not, she was a tower of strength, a chosen vessel, a woman of God, a reformer, whose work will live as long as the annals of time



ROBT. WHITAKER M'ALL.

CHAPTER III.

ROBT. WHITAKER M'ALL.

AS a distinguished clergyman in one of his University sermons said: "the real work of Christianity has in all ages been done by the few." John Wesley only reiterated the same thought when he said: "Ten true Christians would change the face of England." He meant ten Christ-like, thorough going Christians. Ten who were all, *absolutely all*, given to God.

Robert Whitaker McAll, founder of the McAll Mission, Paris, France, stands pre-eminent among the illustrious few who have wrought mightily for God during the latter half of this century.

He came of a good heritage, his father being an eminent clergyman. As to the profound impress a godly home leaves upon the offspring, he says: "If I attempt to write something with respect to my early life, the record must shine brightly with the unspeakable privilege already referred to. Who else could have so happy a childhood home, so shielded from all adverse and worldly influence? In our home the love of God reigned supreme. Every influence coming

upon the child was pre-eminently an influence Godward."

Born at McClesfield, England, 1821, "his life naturally divides itself into four parts: the childhood and youth up to the time of his father's death, 1821-1838; his life as a student of architecture, afterwards of theology, 1839-1848; his pastoral career in England, 1848-1871, when the French chapter opens and so remains until its close in 1893."

A tender, sensitive nature, like his soon felt the touch of God upon his heart, and at three years of age he was convicted of sin, and at the age of seventeen he made a full and complete consecration of his life to God. The following paragraph from his consecration which was written by him at that period, portrays a profound spiritual insight for one who was only a mere youth: "My powers, O God, would I devote to thee; take them as entirely thine—this is an infinite privilege to be a servant of the King of kings, much more a son. I yield myself, merciful Father, to Thy disposal forever. Do with me whatever shall most conduce to Thine own glory and my everlasting happiness. Subdue wholly my will—my hardened will; give me complete and absolute resignation. Root out the dearest things which would prevent my final salvation. I, in a word, make a solemn and en-

tire surrender of myself, with all my powers, to Thee—Thee alone, Thee forever. . . . . Subdue, O subdue everything contrary to thy perfect law, increase my faith, renew my love, elevate my motives, purify my desires, fix my thoughts on heaven."

We would expect to hear good reports from a youth starting thus in life. From his 18th to 22nd year, he devoted himself to architecture. Then came the call to the ministry, and four years of college life followed. His father on his deathbed had said to him: "You must be a Christian minister." His first pastorate was in the North of England at Sunderland, where he spent seven years; then at Leicester for eleven years, then at Manchester and Birmingham, each for a short season, followed by a few years at Hadleigh, closing his pastoral career in England in 1871.

He began his work in Paris at an age when many think of retiring, and the ensuing twenty-two years were the busiest and best of his life. Rev. A. T. Pierson says: "In the crisis of the French history, when the hoof of the invader had trodden down its fair fields, and the restless commune had filled Paris with lurid flames and dreadful deeds, when France was in the depths of moral and spiritual destitution, he came into the very center of lawlessness and violence. He went and

made it his home, and gave those very people the example of a holy and loving life. I know of nothing more pathetic than this man and his devoted wife's opening a small hall in an empty shop, putting in a little organ with a table and a few chairs; then in the presence of twenty-eight people telling them of the love of Jesus, ... God has permitted him to construct a Christian Mission work which is the marvel of the century in Bible lands."

From that humble beginning, in a little, deserted shop with twenty-eight people, the work grew until at his death there were in Paris and other parts of France 136 of these missionary centres. Instead of erecting chapels or churches, he would rent empty shops and some friends would stand at the door to distribute bills of invitation and persuade the people who took them to come inside. A young woman was on her way to throw herself into the Seine; passing the mission door, she was induced to go in, and her life was thereby saved.

Poor, unfortunate, sinful, erring mankind ever found in him a warm friend. Many on their way to perdition were drawn into the mission, and won for Christ.

"Dr. Robert W. McAll entered Paris while the ashes of the Commune were yet hot, and began his work among the bitterest enemies of the

Church. He says that the unconquerable aversion to every thing churchly or priestly was such that he soon discovered that it was fatal to his success if anything ecclesiastical was visible in the adornment of his mission-halls, or anything was worn about his person which would indicate by the slightest suggestion that he was a clergyman." After he had been there a few years God raised up a layman to assist him in the person of Eugene Reveillaud, as A. J. Gordon says:

"If the people will not hear the clergyman, a layman shall be raised up for them. Such was Reveillaud—a journalist, a politician, an orator, and a patriot, who had the ear of the French people. His conversion was as sudden and astonishing as that of Saul of Tarsus. If his own thrilling story of this event is to be credited, he retired to his bed on the 13th of July, 1878, an unbeliever, a free-thinker, and rose the next morning a subdued and rejoicing disciple of Christ. In the nightwatches the Spirit of God had fallen upon him in overwhelming power, convicting, conquering, and converting him. The next morning he entered a Protestant church, and to the astonishment of all present asked permission to speak. "A miracle!" he exclaimed. "Is not my conversion a miracle? I had fallen asleep yesterday on thoughts altogether secular. I do not remem-

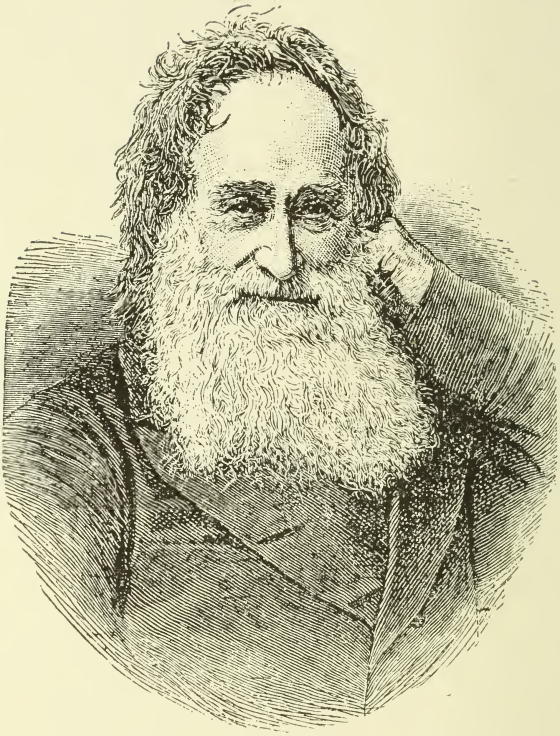
ber that I had once raised my soul to God in all that day. At night God visited me by His Spirit and by this divine baptism I have been regenerated. I have now the sense of God's favor, of His pardon, of His love. I am converted, I am saved."

What wonder that following such a conversion there should be a distinct commission to service: "Thou art a chosen vessel unto Me to bear My name among thy countrymen." It is hardly too much to say that Reveillaud has been the John the Baptist of the new French Reformation. Immediately after his conversion he went forth far and near preaching the Word. Halls and theatres were freely opened to him, and crowds came to listen to him, and thus the way was prepared for the labors of Protestant ministers and evangelists."

In R. W. McAll, love, zeal, and ministry sweetly blended. He loved plants, flowers, animals, children, in fact, all the works of God in nature.

He endured hardness as a good soldier. Often after a day of severe labor he would sit up long after midnight answering letters. New Year's and Christmas nights were not vacations for him. He held his meetings as usual every night in the year. Through the rain or in the slush and mud, in the darkest and most disagreeable nights he and his

faithful wife trudged from one neglected point to another like their Master, going about doing good. He died as he lived, leaning on the bosom of God, and gently fell asleep in Jesus. During his funeral services a poor woman overhearing some one remark, "What a great crowd there is here," quickly replied, "There will be a much greater one to meet him *up yonder*."



ROBERT MOFFATT.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT MOFFATT.

THIS celebrated missionary was born in Scotland, December 21st, 1795, of humble parentage. He became a gardener, but at the age of nineteen offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was sent by them in 1816 to South Africa where he became one of the most famous in the illustrious role of pioneer missionaries. In 1819, he was married to Miss Mary Smith, a gifted young woman, who proved a most excellent assistant in the work.

After spending three or four years laboring with great success in Namaqua Land, numbering among the converts the powerful and much dreaded chief, Africaner, he moved to Griqua Town, and finally located at Kuruman, among the Bechuana Tribes, where he labored till 1870. He taught the people not only Christianity, but also the arts of civilization, and succeeded in turning a horde of blood thirsty savages to a civilized people. He was surrounded by countless difficulties and incredible discouragements, all of which he overcame through the grace of God.

He has given a vivid description of his emotions

on the completion of his translation of the entire Bible into the language of the Bechuanas. "I felt it to be an awful thing," he says, "to translate the Book of God. When I had finished the last verse I could hardly believe that I was in the world, so difficult was it for me to realize that my work of so many years was completed. A feeling came over me as if I should die.....My heart beat like the strokes of a hammer... ....My emotions found vent by my falling on my knees and thanking God for His grace and goodness in giving me strength to accomplish my task."

He performed the gigantic task single handed and alone. The following incident of his childhood beautifully illustrates the reward of true fidelity:

ONLY A BOY.

More than half century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," the deacon said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year and he is a boy."

"I feel it all," the preacher said. "I feel it, but

God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but by their fruits ye shall know them," and one new member and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things.' Aye, there you have it? 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had

been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffatt. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister.

At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had

enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests of right intentions are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that one boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"

He had much to do in influencing David Livingston to choose Africa as his mission field, and Livingston became his son-in-law. After spending fifty-three years in mission work, he returned to England and was everywhere received with marked honors. He died Aug. 9th, 1883. He bears the following testimony in the evening of life to the importance of that glorious work for which Christ died:

"Oh! how much there is to be done in this wide, wide world! and what a regret it is that there are so many spending their strength and their talents for nought! I remember what my feelings were when a young man, and I remember, too, when I was wavering between one object and another; and I look back with trembling, and think that had I chosen what I was sometimes inclined to do, I

should never have been a missionary. Providentially—I thank God for it, and will thank Him as long as I live—I had a pious mother; I had a mother with a missionary spirit; and it was the stories that I heard from her lips, when a little boy at her knees, that afterwards revived in my mind, and turned my attention to be a missionary to the perishing heatnen.

Think what is life if not carried out in the service of God. What is life, my dear friends? I have been engaged these fifty-seven years as a missionary; I have been exposed to dangers, I may say to deaths; I have had narrow escapes—escapes I had like Job's, sometimes with the skin of my teeth, but it was a glorious work; it was doing the work of God; it was doing the will of God; and had I perished beneath it, I should have lost nothing and gained everything! Is there anything, my dear friends, beneath the sun of such importance compared with that mission for which the Lord of Glory descended into this world! Oh! when we think of the boundless majesty of that God who reigns supreme; that glorious Being, who "weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;" when we think that He looks down on this world and has given to each his work to do; when we think of Him who could annihilate the world in a moment, condo-

scending to look to you and to me to help Him to carry on that glorious work for which Christ died on the cross—oh, my friends, let us remember the words of the wise man, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave," whither we are all hastening. A short time, and we shall be no more! *This* is the time when we can work! *This* is the time when we can help ourselves, and help others, and glorify God. This time is passing fast away. Oh! do it —whatever requires to be done for your own salvation and for the salvation of your fellowmen, do it, do it now!

I have labored in Africa for fifty-three or fifty-four years, and oh, I would willingly go back. I have toiled there at work by day and by night, under a vertical sun; I have there been exposed to hunger and thirst; I have often had to put on what I call the fasting girdle, but I never complained. I never felt a murmur. I knew that the work in which I was engaged was the work to which God in His merciful providence had appointed me, and I knew that if I labored and did not faint, I should surely reap!

MADAME GUYON.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME GUYON.

THIS saintly woman was born April 16, 1648, and died June, 1717. She was converted July 22, 1668, and immediately bade farewell to worldliness in every form. A few years later her husband died, and after severe trials she gave herself to God in an irrevocable consecration and entered the sanctified life. She says:

"Great was the change which I had now experienced; but still in my exterior life, I appeared to others quite simple, unobstrusive and common. And the reason was that my soul was not only brought into harmony with itself and with God, but with God's providences. In the exercise of faith and love, I endured and performed whatever came in God's providence, in submission, in thankfulness, and silence. I was now in God and God in me; and where God is there is as much simplicity as power. And what I did was done in such simplicity and childlikeness of spirit that the world did not observe anything which was much calculated to attract notice.

"I had a deep peace which seemed to pervade the whole soul, and resulted from the fact that all

my desires were fulfilled in God. I feared nothing: that is, considered in its *ultimate results and relations*, because my strong faith placed God at the head of all perplexities and events. I desired nothing but what I now had, because I had a full belief that, in my present state of mind, the result of each moment constituted the fulfillment of the divine purposes. As a sanctified heart is always in harmony with the divine providences, I had no will but the divine will, of which such providences are the true and appropriate expression. How could such a soul have other than a deep peace, not limited to the uncertainties of the emotional part of our nature, but which pervaded and blessed the whole mind! Nothing seemed to diminish it; nothing troubled it.

"I do not mean to say that I was in a state in which I could not be afflicted. My physical system, my senses, had not lost the power of suffering. My natural sensibilities were susceptible of being pained. Oftentimes I suffered much. But in the centre of the soul, if I may so express it, there was divine and supreme peace. The soul, considered in its connection with the objects immediately around it, might at times be troubled and afflicted; but the soul, considered in its relation to God and the divine will, was entirely calm, trustful and happy. The trouble at the circumference, origi-

nating in part from a disordered physical constitution, did not affect and disturb the divine peace of the centre.

"One characteristic of this higher degree of experience was a sense of inward purity. *My mind had such a oneness with God*, such a unity with the divine nature, that nothing seemed to have power to soil it and diminish its purity. It experienced the truth of that declaration of Scripture, that 'to the pure all things are pure.' The pollution which surrounds has no power upon it; as the dark and impure mud does not defile the sunbeams that shine upon it, which rather appear brighter and purer from the contrast."

She had been accustomed to the luxury and splendor of Paris, but circumstances made it necessary to move to a little cabin; but poverty's vale had no discouragements for her, for her spirit was as exultant there as in a palace. She says:

"It had a look of the greatest poverty, and had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go to the chamber. I gave up the largest chamber to my daughter and the maid. The chamber reserved to myself was a very small one; and I ascended to it by a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds quite plain and homely, I bought a few cheap chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden

ware as were necessary. I fancied everything better on wood than on plate. Never did I enjoy a greater content than in this hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the littleness and simplicity which characterized the true life in Christ."

Like all "who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," she was the object of much persecution, and even in her little hut her enemies pursued her with a relentless hatred. She says:

"It would be difficult for me to enumerate all the unkindness and cruelty practiced toward me. The little garden near my cottage I had put in order. Persons came at night and tore it up, broke down the arbor, and overturning everything in it, so that it appeared as if it had been ravaged by a body of soldiers. My windows were broken with stones, which fell at my feet. All night long persons were around the house making a noise, threatening to break it in, and uttering personal abuse. I have learned since who put these persons upon their wicked work.

"It was at this time that a notice reached me *that I must go out of the diocese*. Crimes were tolerated, but the work of God, resulting in the conversion and sanctification of souls, could not be endured. All the while, I had no uneasiness of mind. My soul found rest in God; I never re-

pented that I had left all to do what seemed to be his will. I believe that God had a design in everything which took place; and I left all in his hands, both the sorrow and the joy.

"It pleased God," she says, "to make use of two or three ecclesiastics. Attached to the prevalent views and practices, their repugnance to the doctrine of faith and of an inward life was at first great. One of these persons at first vilified me very much. But God at length led him to see his errors, and gave him new dispositions.

"People," says Madam Guyon, "flocked together from all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows—all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for sometime I was wholly *occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening*, in speaking of God. It was not possible to aid myself much in my remarks by meditation and study. But God was with me. He enabled me, in a wonderful manner, to understand the spiritual conditions and wants of those who came to me. Many were the souls which submitted themselves to God at this time; God knows how many. Some appeared to be changed as it were in a moment. Delivered from a state in which their hearts and lips were closed, they were at once endued with gifts of

prayer, which were wonderful. Marvelous, indeed, was the work of the Lord.

"They were grievously chagrined," says Madame Guyon, "that a *woman* should be so much flocked to and sought after. For looking at the things as they were in themselves, and not as they were in God, who uses what instrument he pleases, they forgot, in their contempt, to admire the goodness and grace manifested through it.

"God also made me of service to a great number of nuns, virtuous young women, and even men of the world. Among those was a young man of the Order of the Knights of Malta. Led to understand something of the peaceful nature and effects of religion, he abandoned the profession of arms for that of a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He became a man constant in prayer, and was much favored by the Lord. I could not well describe the great number of souls, of whose spiritual good God was pleased to make me the instrument. Among the number were three curates, one canon, and one grand-vicar, who were more particularly given to me."

Her "Method of Prayer" was destined to exercise a mighty influence in the Land. One thousand five hundred copies were immediately given away by a good old man in Grenoble, and wherever they were eagerly read they stirred the peo-

ple up to seek God. Three hundred copies were found and burnt in Dijon some time after this!

One day she entered into a church in which some religious services were performed. The priest, who had the direction of them, observed her; and after they were concluded, went immediately to the house in which she lodged, and stated to her, with great simplicity and frankness, his inward trials and necessities. 'He made his statements,' she remarks, 'with as much humility as simplicity. In a short time he was filled with joy and thankful acknowledgements to God.' He became a man of prayer and a true servant of God.

"But, notwithstanding this unfavorable state of things, 'God,' she says, '*did not fail to make use of me to gain many souls for himself*. He was pleased to regard me with great kindness. In the poverty and weakness of his poor hand-maid he gave me spiritual riches. The more persecution raged against me, the more attentively was the word of the Lord listened to, and the greater number of spiritual children given to me.' "

Some of these persons were involved in the trials she endured. A number were banished from the city, chiefly on the ground of having attended religious conferences at her house or with her. One was banished, she states, against whom nothing further was alleged than his having made the

remark, that her litttle book, meaning probably her book on Prayer, was a good one."

On the 29th of January, 1688, she was suddenly ordered to go to a convent, where she was kept separated from her daughter, and hardly treated, yet she coolly says:

"When none came to see me, with whom I might converse, I wrote; when tired of writing the incidents of my life, I corresponded with my friends; when opportunities for doing good in this manner did not present themselves, I solaced the hours of solitude by writing poems."

She was offered her liberty if she would consent to the marriage of her daughter with a godless nobleman, nephew to the Archbishop of Paris.

"God allows suffering, but never allows wrong. I see clearly that it is his will that I should remain in prison, and endure the pains which are connected with it; and I am entirely content that it should be so. I can never buy my liberty at the expense of sacrificing my daughter."

After eight months' imprisonment, she was set at liberty by the intercession of Madame de Maintenon, and immediately began again her course of private meetings, but now devoting the time more entirely to those who were saved and seeking sanctification.

"After the labors of the day, I have for some time

past, spent a portion of the night in writing commentaries on the Scriptures. I began this at Grenoble; and though my labors were many and my health was poor, the Lord enabled me, in the course of six months, to write on all the books of the Old Testament."

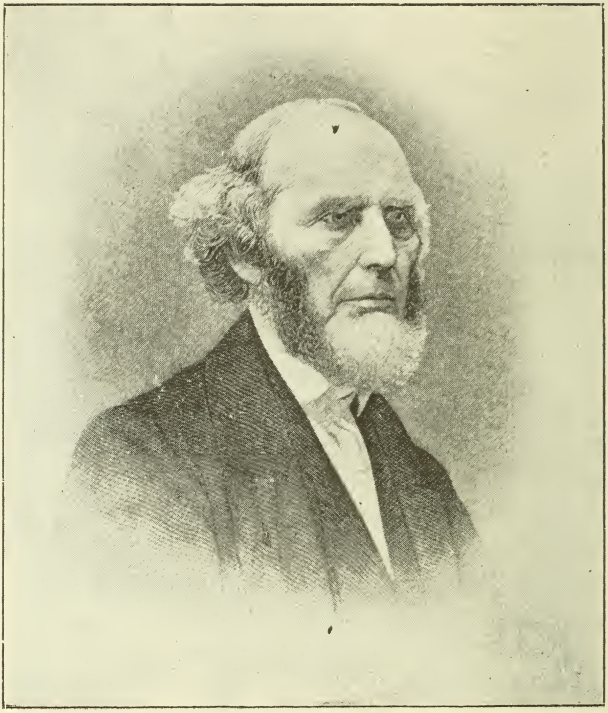
It was at this time that she made the acquaintance of Abbe Fenelon, afterwards Archbishop of Cambray, who became a sanctified witness to the truth, and remained until death not only a fearless champion of the cause of holiness, but a true friend to the persecuted lady, who had been to so great an extent his mother in the faith.

On the 8th of July, 1695, the Dutchess of Mortemar came to the convent to take Madame Guyon back to Paris. It was no sooner known that she was in Paris than the city was in an uproar. She soon had to hide, and after some six months she was found and sent to prison. She says:

"I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there if it should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I and my maid La Gautiere, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to thee, O our God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now

but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. *The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies.* I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliance of a vain world. My heart was full of the joy which thou givest to them who love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses."

The seven years preceding her death were spent in retirement. Thus lived and died one of the most remarkable women of any age. She lived amid the corruption of the dark ages, yet obtained a knowledge of God that would put most of us to shame. Possibly she stressed penance and mysticism rather too much, but for a profoundly holy life, manifesting itself in utter annihilation of the self-life, she had few equals.



CHAS. G. FINNEY.

CHAPTER VI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY.

MY first recollections of Rev. C. G. Finney are of a tall, commanding figure ; keen, flashing blue eyes, and a smile that warmed the coldest heart. There was a dignity in his presence which seemed almost majestic, for it was the stamp that God had set upon him ; and with this a spirit as humble and unaffected as a little child. His strong, rugged nature had come so closely in touch with God, that he seemed to possess what might be called a divine refinement and gentleness and humility which one felt was not so much a part of the man himself, as the impress that the indwelling Holy Spirit made upon him.

He gave himself so completely up to God that often without his speaking a word, sinners were convicted and cut down before the Lord in his presence.

His look and tone and manner made him a striking figure where he was wholly unknown ; and many were the exaggerations, and sometimes utterly false stories, in circulation about him, in his day, simply because he was unlike the majority of Christians, and also because the ungodly were so

often cut to the heart, and resisted the power of the Holy Ghost.

He was president of a college where several hundreds of young men were assembled from all parts of the United States, and many from Great Britain. He made it a point to know every student personally; and his first question on meeting a new face was, "My child, are you a Christian?" On the busy street or wherever he met them, the newcomer had to face this question, asked in such a tender, loving way that an honest answer was sure to be given, however reluctantly. If "No" was the reply, then the words that followed were like pointed arrows from a master hand, sending conviction straight to the heart, and the soul knew no rest until a decision was reached either for God or against Him.

If the student said he "hoped he was a Christian," then came a torrent of searching questions which would drive him out of every refuge and compel him to know whether he belonged to God or was yet in the ranks of Satan. Absolute surrender and the searching of the Holy Spirit was the key note of his teaching, and this left very little room in which a self-deceived professor of religion could hide.

The sweet, overflowing, ever-tender love of God always lay behind his words, and the Christian

student felt that they were breathed from a soul filled with God Himself, though they probed deep down into the heart, revealing his real spiritual life, and his true advancement in grace.

The secret of Mr. Finney's power in the pulpit, and everywhere through his entire Christian life, was the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This was his constant experience from the day after his conversion. He had no human teaching, for in those days the church in the locality where he lived was cold and dead, and buried in a theology that would freeze any young convert; and so God took his soul in hand Himself, and taught him what the Baptism of the Holy Ghost meant, without passing through the wilderness experience before receiving it. During a long life he literally "walked with God." His communion and fellowship with God was so intimate and uninterrupted that his spiritual apprehension and divine illuminations were such as very few Christians have any conception of. Later in life he once said, with great sadness of spirit, that he nowhere found more than a very few people who could receive and appreciate those views of God and Christ and the fulness of that free salvation upon which his own soul delighted to feed.

He was endowed with great natural gifts; was educated as a lawyer, and accustomed to the close, logical reasoning that would convince a jury; but

his talents, his unconscious preparation for the ministry, and all that he was, were absolutely at God's disposal. His preaching was always a compact chain of logical conclusions, sent home to the heart with tremendous emphasis, and such convincing proof, that when he came to the personal application (and he was exceedingly personal), it was with such sweeping power that his hearers were often smitten down, right and left, by the Sword of the Spirit.

The conversion of Rev. C. G. Finney and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost on the following day, is one of the most remarkable on record. He tells us in his memoirs that until he was twenty years of age, he was profoundly ignorant of the truths of Christianity. His parents were not professors of religion, and the only preaching that he ever heard was what was called hyper-Calvinism, from which he instinctively recoiled. He could not believe in such a God as that system of theology presented.

In his law studies he found the old authors referring to the Scriptures, especially the Mosaic Institutes, as authority for many of the great principles of common law, and he purchased a Bible to help him in his law studies. This Bible was God's entering wedge into his heart. He read it with deepening interest, and began to attend the stated

prayer meeting in the place, until he was supposed to be an inquirer after religion, and the minister publicly asked him if he did not want the church to pray for him. To this he gave a decided "No," saying, "I suppose that I need to be prayed for, because I am conscious that I am a sinner; but I do not see that it would do any good for you to pray for me, because God does not answer your prayers. You are continually asking, but you do not receive." His keen intellect saw the inconsistency of the church, in an attitude of prayer, without expecting God to answer; and his own spirit was irritated because he was brought face to face with the truths of the Bible, and was resisting God. He afterwards learned that there are conditions upon which God has promised to answer prayers, and justly concluded that the church had not met these conditions. He kept these convictions to himself; but at last, when so pressed in spirit that he could endure it no longer, he began to pray in secret. He says that he was very proud, without knowing it, and when he prayed he would "stop the key hole to the door, lest some one should discover that he was engaged in prayer."

But there came a day when he felt that he must find God, and the question of his salvation must be forever settled. He often told of his going into

the woods to pray, "skulking along by a rail fence," and it was easy to see his tall form bending in and out, as he said, "lest some one might suppose that he was going to pray, while really there was not a person on earth who would have suspected such a thing." He found a place where some large trees had fallen across each other, leaving an open place between. Into this he crept, and kneeled down. But he could not pray. Every rustling leaf startled him, until, he says, "an overwhelming sense of my wickedness in being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees, took such powerful possession of me that I cried at the top of my voice, and exclaimed that I would not leave that place till I found God, if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me. 'What!' I said, 'Am I ashamed to have it known that such a sinner as I am should be found confessing his sins to a holy God?' The sin appeared awful, infinite; and it broke me down before the Lord. In after life he frequently said that from that moment he never knew what the "fear of man" was. God overshadowed him henceforth, making it impossible for him to be moved by human considerations.

When he had yielded himself up to God in this struggle, just at this point, these words of Scripture seemed to drop into his mind, "Then shall ye go

and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you." He says, "Somehow I knew that it was God's word, and that it was God's voice speaking to me, though I do not think I had ever read the passage of Scripture. I was as conscious as I was of my existence, of trusting God's veracity at that moment."

"Then God gave me many other promises, which I had not before known, but I can never make any human being understand how precious and how true they were to me." He continued to pray for a long time till he became so full that before he was aware of it, he was on his feet fairly running toward the town.

He says, "The question of my being converted had not so much as arisen to my thoughts; but as I brushed through the leaves and bushes, I recollect saying with great emphasis, 'If I am ever converted, I will preach the gospel." When he reached the office, he tells us, "The repose of my mind was unspeakably great. The thought of God was sweet to me, and the most profound tranquility had taken possession of me."

Mr. Finney had gone to the woods early in the morning, and it was noon when he returned. He was busy in the office all the afternoon, but was conscious of a profound peace as he went about his work. Just at dark, he was at last alone, and the

utterance of his heart was, "how I wanted to pour out my soul to God. The rising of my soul was so great, that I rushed into the back office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room, but it appeared to me as if it were perfectly light, and as I shut the door after me, I seemed to meet the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. I fell at His feet. I wept aloud like a child. I bathed His feet with my tears, and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched Him. I must have remained in this state a good while; then I returned to the front office, and as I was about to sit down by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had never heard such a thing mentioned by any person in the world, and had no thought that there was any such thing for me, but the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. It was like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can remember distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me, and over me, one after the other, till I cried aloud, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.' I do not know how long this baptism continued to roll over me, and go through me, but I know that late in the evening a member

of my choir, for I was the leader of the choir, came into the office, and finding me in this state of loud weeping, exclaimed, 'Mr. Finney, what ails you?' I did not reply for some time, and he said, 'Are you in pain?' Then I gathered myself up as best I could, and said, '*No, but I am so happy that I cannot live.*' "

When he retired that night he soon fell asleep, but almost as soon, awoke, because the love of God was so warm in his heart. This continued nearly all night; but at last, he slept till the sun had risen and was pouring its clear light into the room. He says, "Words cannot express the impression that this sunlight made upon me. Instantly, the baptism of the night before returned upon me, and again I wept aloud for joy. For some time, I was too much overwhelmed with the baptism of the Spirit to do anything but pour out my soul to God. My sense of guilt was gone; my sins were gone. I felt myself justified by faith, and so far as I could see, I was in a state in which I did not sin. Instead of feeling I was sinning all the time, my heart was so full of love that it overflowed, and I could not feel that I was sinning against God. My cup ran over with blessing and love."

HENRIETTA MATSON.

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

CHAPTER VII.

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

SHE was a bright and shining light. The annals of the church contain but few whose lives glow with such seraphic ardor and holy love. "In depths of penitence, strength of faith, ardor of hope, fervor of love, intimate communion with God, constancy of joy and peace and zealous devotion to the cause of Christ, Hester Ann Rogers had but few equals."

She was born in Macclesfield, England, Jan. 31, 1756, and was from early childhood peculiarly susceptible to divine influence and when in trouble of any kind betook herself to prayer. She says: "I was early drawn out to secret prayer. I believe God is the author of all good, of all happiness; and sin the cause of all misery and pain. If therefore I wished for anything I had not, I asked God in secret to grant it to me. And in any pain of body, or in any of my childish grief, I fled to Him for ease and comfort; and it would be incredible to some, how often I have received manifest answers to prayer, when not more than four years old; and how my tender mind has been comforted. I never

remember having gone to bed without having said my prayers except once ; I was then diverted by a girl who told me many childish stories and so took up my attention that I forgot to pray until I was in bed, and then being alone I recollected what I had done and conscience greatly accused me so that I begun to tremble, lest Satan should be permitted of God to take me away body and soul which I deserved."

When she was nine years of age her father died. Shortly before his death he called her to his bedside, and laying his hand upon her head and lifting his eyes to heaven with great solemnity said: "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit thee ; the Lord bless thee and keep thee ; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, and make thee His child and faithful servant to thy life's end." Her subsequent life proved this prayer was literally answered.

She gradually drifted out into a sea of worldliness, such as extravagant dress, dancing, novel reading, etc., and in this state she continued for several years. Her conscience in the meanwhile lashed her sorely at times, and her heart cried out for something better. At about eighteen years of age God's Spirit took a deep hold upon her heart. After some time spent in various efforts to become a Christian, she was induced to attend service at a

Methodist chapel and there learned the way of life. After wrestling for some time with unbelief, the Spirit whispered, "only believe." She replied, "Lord Jesus, I will, I do believe; I now venture my whole salvation on thee as God! I put my guilty soul into thy hands, Thy blood is sufficient! I cast my soul upon thee for time and eternity. Then did He appear unto my salvation. In that moment my fetters were broken, my bands were loosed and my soul set at liberty. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart; and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Now, if I had possessed 10,000 souls I could have ventured them all with my Jesus."

"All they that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" was as true in her case as it is in the case of every one else who lives godly. The Methodists at the time of her conversion, were like the holiness people of to-day, misunderstood, maligned and often hated, and on account of her adherence to them, she was sorely persecuted in her own home. Being at one time confined as a prisoner in the house for eight weeks and then for eight months; doing the work of a servant where hitherto she had been exempt from all the hardships and drudgery of such a life. These rigorous labors were too much for her constitution and it was years before she rallied therefrom.

Not long after her conversion she was taught, as all primitive Methodists, the way into the holiest. The following extracts from her journal will show how her heart panted after this grace. "I have been greatly tried inwardly and outwardly though I have had some refreshing visits of love; but I feel very many evil tempers and much self-will that would not be contradicted. Pride and unbelief greatly distressed me, my cry was this evening, 'Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me.'"

Again she says: "The Lord shows me more than ever that I must be made holy before death, and this day I can say, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so thirsteth my soul for the perfect love of God.' Oh, may I never rest until I have received this blessing. Lord, I have in this respect trifled; I have been too easy, too lukewarm, while thy enemies had a lurking place in my heart. Oh, forgive me, and help me to be more in earnest."

Still seeking Perfect Love, she writes: "I find while pressing after entire purity my communion with God increases and I have more power to do His will."

The cry for holiness became so intense, she says: "I awoke several times in the night praying for sanctification. Oh, the depths of unbelief

and of pride and these seem only the roots of many other evil branches. Oh my God, I feel my heart as a den of thieves. I loathe myself, but Oh I fall a leper at thy feet. I believe the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, but when I would come to the fountain I seem all ignorant and helpless. But Lord teach me and strengthen me for thy mercies' sake."

After such crying as recorded above, she came to the memorable 22nd day of February, and her soul was drawn out in a mighty plea for full salvation. And she exclaimed, "Lord, thou art faithful, and this is thy word, I cast my whole soul upon thy promise; make known thy faithfulness by performing it on my heart. Circumcise it now, fill it with thy pure love; Sanctify every faculty of my soul; I offer all to thee; I give thee all my powers; I take thee, Almighty Jesus, for my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification. Now, cleanse me from all my filthiness and from all my idols and take away the heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh; I come empty to be filled; deny me not. It would be for thy glory to save me now for how much better I could serve thee. It is true, I have no plea but thy mercy, the blood of Jesus, thy promise, and my own great need. Oh, save me fully, by an act of free grace. Thou hast said, He that believeth shall be saved. I now

take thee at thy word. I do by faith cast myself on thy promise. I venture my soul on thy veracity.

THOU CANST NOT DENY.

Being purchased by thy blood, thy justice is engaged; being promised without money and without price truth is bound; thus every attribute of my God secures it to me. Why did I ever doubt His willingness, when He gave Jesus; gave Him to destroy the works of the devil—to make an end of sin. The hindrance lay in me, not Him. He desires to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes—accursed sin! but, now, Lord, I do believe this moment Thou dost save me. Yea, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all; I am at Thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm; but I take hold of Thee as my fullness. Everything that I want Thou art. Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holiness; yes, and Thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; and overflows my soul. I am now one with God; the intercourse is open. Inbred sin no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own! I now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance, rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing and in everything giving thanks."

Whether at the bedside of the dying, many of whom she led to Christ, or in ministering to the

sorrowing, or as class-leader, she was mightily used of God. It is said that her husband, on entering into a circuit, would only give a few to her, desiring her to complete the class out of the world; and soon by her conversation and prayers and attention to every soul within her reach, would the number spring up to thirty or forty and then the believers in her class would be transplanted to other classes and she would recruit from the world again. After a life ablaze with holy fire, she died in great triumph in the 39th year of her pilgrimage. The memory of her holy life still lingers like heavenly aroma in the churches, and the results of her godly deeds are as imperishable as eternity.

CHARLES N. CRITTENTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MILLIONAIRE EVANGELIST.

THANK God there are yet some rich men who have left all to follow Jesus. Among the number, Charles N. Crittenton, the millionaire evangelist, stands prominent.

We knew him first ten years ago in San Jose, Cal. His great work was then just fairly beginning, and it was our privilege to be closely associated with the work of the Florence Crittenton Mission located there. The princely merchant had been converted into a meek, humble, devout, tireless evangelist. He is a veritable flame of fire for God. Like most successful men, he was a country boy, being born and raised on his father's farm in Jefferson County, N. Y. Habits of industry and thrift were instilled in him from earliest childhood. His father's family was large and he often laughingly remarks that "he wonders now how his father ever got enough for them to eat," as their farm labor gave them such enormous appetites.

"In those days, when a green country lad with a common-school education, and, as he often de-

scribes himself, with jean trousers and a straw hat, his hair sticking out from the crown, he little thought that before he reached middle life, he would be one of the millionaires of New York City, living in a mansion in Fifth Avenue ; or that God would call him up even higher, so he would be willing to leave his pleasures and his home, to give away the incomes that his labors had amassed and go out to work among the outcast and the fallen."

When about twenty years of age he went to New York City to seek his fortune, and, beginning as an office boy, he worked his way up until he had saved sixty dollars. With this small capital he purchased a stock of druggist's sundries and started in business for himself. At this period he married, and as he often says : "When at the end of the first year he sat down beside his faithful wife who had helped him, and counted up $863 which he had cleared, it was one of the happiest moments of his life, and he had never felt so rich since."

Next year his capital increased to $1,500, the third year to $4,500, and so on through habits of industry and honesty, the raw, inexperienced youth with $60 capital became a millionaire.

Of his conversion and call to evangelistic work through the death of his little daughter, Florence,

we prefer to quote his own words.

He says: "Without doubt, there is no instrument used by the Lord Jesus Christ to lead precious souls to Himself more than that of a child, unless it be the mother.

"Fifteen years ago last March Jesus gathered in His arms my little Florence and carried her to that city where already He has taken (according to statistics) nearly fifteen thousand million children under the age of ten years. Just previous to her going home she asked me to sing 'Sweet Bye and Bye.'

"From March until October 20th, I was in rebellion against God because He took my child; but on that day, going to my home in the upper part of the city, and while on the Third Avenue L. road, He brought to my memory Rev. 3:19; which I had learned in Sunday-school: 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.' I could not get these words out of my mind until finally I began to weep, and turning my face out of the window, Jesus drew my eyes heavenward, and seemingly said to me from the skies, 'You can come to her.'

"Just a little hope sprung up in my tired, weary heart, and soon after I reached my home, No. 2019 Fifth Avenue, I went to the upper part of the house, telling God I would not go down until I knew myself saved or lost. After praying for

some time, my burden increased until, about to sink beneath its weight, I cried, 'Jesus help me!' and seemingly I saw Him, through my blinding tears, coming nearer, and saying, 'This is the way,' and He took me by the hand and said, 'Peace, be still,' there was a 'great calm,' and like a tired, weary child I rested on His bosom. I went down from that upper chamber promising obedience.

"Soon after, when asked to lead a meeting, my first thought was to decline, but, remembering my promise, I assented. After meeting, a night missionary came to me and asked if I would go with him into the slums, and soon we were on our way, going into saloons where there was drinking and blaspheming, gambling, etc. Finally going into a room where there were two girls, the missionary sang, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' then prayed, and really I never heard such a prayer before or since as then fell from his lips; it was surely indited by the Holy Ghost. He not only prayed for these two girls, but for all 'mothers' girls' in New York. Rising from our knees, he asked me to talk to them, which I did by telling my experience. They were bathed in tears, and soon we were bidding them goodbye and saying, 'God bless you, go and sin no more.' But just then the Holy Ghost flashed on my mind the ques-

tion, 'Where are they going?'

"No doors open unless those similar to what they have been going into and out of all these years.

"From this reflection resulted the opening of the first 'Florence Mission' at No. 29, (now Nos. 21 and 23 Bleecker Street, since named the 'Mother Mission,' from which have sprung about sixty others in different cities, where any tired, weary 'mother's girl' can come at any time of day or night and find consecrated Christian mothers, as matron and assistant, that will let them rest their weary heads on their bosom and will encircle their tired body while they tell them of the 'Mighty to Save.'"

Mr. Crittenton not only gave his money, but he gave *himself* to God. After spending four years of night work in the slums, working sixteen hours a day, his health became so impaired, that his physicians ordered him abroad, and he spent the time in visiting the Holy Land. After journeying through Palestine, "he decided to visit all the large cities in the world, to study the street girls and find out the needs of the work among them, as well as any movement that had been put on foot for the betterment of their condition." The story of this journey is given in that interesting little book, 'Around the World with Jesus.' He saw

and talked with thousands of street girls in London, Paris, Calcutta, Benares, Jerusalem, Canton and Yokohama. But in all this tour, he did not find one remedial agency established." The needs of this almost totally neglected field of labor were so great that he consecrated his life and money chiefly to the work of rescuing fallen girls.

Mr. Crittenton is also an evangelist of large gifts. He purchased and fitted up the car, "Good News," to be used by him and his co-workers in their evangelistic tours, thereby obviating the difficulty of securing buildings and also reaching a class of persons who seldom attend the house of God. He is tremendously in earnest. Seeing a man on the street with troubled face, he asked him, "Are you happy?" the man replied, "No." Then came the next question, "Don't you want to come to God?" And the answer was "Yes." Whereupon Mr. Crittenton offered prayer and the man gave himself to God. By and by this street worker attracted attention and people began to say that "Crittenton who has that big store over there has gone crazy on religion."

He believes and preaches the whole Bible, and the fads and skepticisms of the higher critics find no place in his work. He says that in his early Christian life the text, "My word shall not return unto me void," was deeply impressed upon his

heart. Being very ignorant of the Scriptures and deficient in memory, he asked God to so quicken his mind that it might be used for his glory. The remarkable readiness and accuracy with which he now quotes Scripture amounts to almost a miracle.

"God met me beside a little casket," Mr. Crittenton is accustomed to say, and from that day to this his great tender heart has been yearning over a lost world. Some one says of him: "To him heaven and hell are very real things. They are as real to him as they were to John Bunyan, while he was living out the siege of the city of Mansoul. No man ever had a more logical view of the destiny of the race, and yet no man ever saw more clearly through the rain and over the storm-clouds the law of the love of God. No man who had so distinct a view of the possible wrath, ever preached more fully the love of God. As was said of him, 'He may believe as did Edwards, but he preaches as did Paul.'"

Sixty-five years of age, very slightly gray, a well-rounded physique, medium statue, winning voice, an attractive face, he wins his way by love, and God has given him souls by the thousands.

Mr. Crittenton is a conspicuous figure in the great Pentecostal revival now sweeping over the land. He enjoys the experience and preaches the doctrine of sanctification. This is the key to his

marvelous career. We close this article with a few incidents taken from a sketch of his life work:

NELLIE CONROY.

"'The girl whom God used to open the door of the first 'Florence Mission' lived nearly two years after that, and probably hers was one of the most remarkable conversions on record, as stated by ministers and others. She had a wonderful faculty for memorizing the Word, and was also a thrilling speaker. People came from far and near to listen to her eloquence. One of the last places in which she spoke was the Cooper Union, addressing nearly 3,000 people, who were held spell-bound by her eloquence. One of the daily papers writing of her said: 'Miss Conroy is possessed of a wonderful gift of language and natural Irish wit; these, together with her thrilling story, make her one of the most interesting and entertaining speakers before the public.'

"'Glory be to His name,' Nellie would say. It was no common blood that washed Nellie Conroy from her sins, no common blood took from her that insatiable appetite for drink, no common blood that took away cursing and swearing, and then used her lips and tongue, which had been touched by the blood, to pray and sing, but it was the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed upon Cavalry for the lost men and women,

and which 'cleanseth from all sin.'" Again she said: "Won't there be wondering in heaven when the name of Nellie Conroy is called, and she is there ready to respond to her name and say, 'Here am I,' and 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father—to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.'"

"Her last two months on earth were in St. Luke's Hospital; kind friends visited her, physicians and nurses doing all they could to make her comfortable. The last day came when the physician said she could not live through the night. A friend and myself visited her that night. Those lips which the God of Elijah had used to speak to tens of thousands could no longer speak aloud; she could only whisper, and that very faintly. She was much emaciated, by consumption. Holding her hand in mine, I was about to bid her good-bye, when she drew me near her to whisper in my ear: 'I expect to see little Florence in heaven to-night, and I will tell her about your coming to me.' We passed from her sight with tear-bedimmed eyes. Nurse again takes her place by her side. After hours of watching and waiting, Nellie seemingly gets a glimpse of heaven, and says: 'I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me; I'll soon be there,'

and she was gone.

"Often I am asked, 'Can fallen girls be saved, and do they stand?' My answer to any such is, if when C. N. Crittenton, down by the swelling of Jordan, and realizing that soon he is to be in another world, can repeat from his heart Nellie Conroy's last words, 'I'll soon be there,' it is good enough for me.

Bessie, another of our girls, said: 'Charlotte, I will meet you in heaven.' As the blood was streaming from her mouth with the third and last hemorrhage, and as she fell into the Matron's arms, Annie said, 'Jesus, receive me.' Maudie Brown, nearing the end, with the Bible under her head, sent word across the continent by Brother Carpenter: 'Tell Brother Crittenton I will see him over there.' Anna Coachman said: 'Perfect peace.'

"Lilly Kerschoffer said: 'Doubts and fears are all gone.' Mattie Parker said to Clara Brook, 'Tell Brother Crittenton I am happy on the way,' and finally whispering said: 'Clara, sing 'God's Children are Gathering Home.''' Kate Murray said to the Matron: 'Jesus is coming; good-bye, mother.' Little Lillie said: 'Won't you come, too, mother?'

"I feel we can all say with Balaam, Numbers 23: 10: 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his' (theirs). I sometimes

think that Jesus comes very near to these dear girls, whose lives are wrecked and ruined, when perhaps they are still but children, or during their teens, and calling them by name says, with kind words and a look of compassion, 'You have had a hard time, my child, down there, and now I am going to send an angel for you the same as I did for Lazarus, and let you rest in Abraham's bosom, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' "

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

CHAPTER IX.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

IN a little quiet rectory, surrounded by vines and flowers and over shadowed by trees, in the village of Astley, England, Frances Ridley Havergal was born December 14, 1836. Her father, the Rev. William Henry Havergal, was a musician, poet and preacher, and from him she doubtless inherited some of the gifts which afterwards made her famous. She was an exceedingly precocious child, reading at three years of age and writing poetry at seven. She had an intensely spiritual nature, which made her peculiarly sensitive to the truth, and many were the conflicts through which she passed during her childhood, until she planted her feet on the Rock Christ Jesus. At ten years of age she was engaged in charitable and missionary work, and teaching in Sabbath school.

She experienced "faith and hope in Christ" when quite young. She had a great thirst for knowledge, and by constant application she familiarized herself with the French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and many other studies.

She was a remarkable student of the Bible, digging gems therefrom which others of a less studious and devout mind passed over, unnoticed. If her comments on the Scriptures were all gathered from her writings, and put by themselves in one book, what a gold mine that would be. Rich in organic quality, with a highly poetic nature, a rare spiritual insight, whatever she wrote fairly dripped with honey. She was an invalid, and suffered much, and wrote as follows:

"Nobody knows but Jesus,
My Lord, I bless thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow,
That no one knows but thou."

"Never did poet more truly 'learn in suffering what she taught in song;' never did Christian more literally obey the injunction, 'What I tell thee in darkness, that speak ye in the light.' The lesson once mastered, the suffering endured, the darkness passed through, she entered into possession of such fullness of knowledge, such depths of joy, such uncloudedness of light, as to be made a veritable beacon on a hill top to others."

The doubts and fears, the inward twilight graspings of her earlier Christian life eventually gave way to a quiet, restful, triumphant faith, a full assurance of oneness with Christ and "the old up and down experience," with its "soulless ravines,"

were forever past. Words are inadequate to describe the brightness of her face and the gladness of her life. Her Christian experience steadily grew richer and sweeter until her sanctification.

When eighteen years of age she wrote to a friend, "It has often struck me that Christians scarcely think enough of the exceedingly great love of God the Father. Not that they express it, but the general tone seems to give the impression that we owe everything solely and originally to Christ, keeping in the back-ground that it was "the Father *sent* the Son to be the Saviour,' that the Son makes the Father love us, and not that the love in the Father's heart made him send the Son."

At the age of twenty-seven, she writes: "I find that when so late in rising in the morning as to have inadequate time for prayer and my Bible, I cannot really replace it later in the day, my mind seems unhinged. I asked papa's advice; which was, that considering the great importance which rest, and especially sleep, is to me, and the medical opinion about it, I ought not to make it a point of rousing myself earlier, but rather to make a strong effort to overcome the temptation to wandering thought, and hurried formalism later in the morning. I tried to do so, and while at home partly succeeded. But now I am teaching my

nieces again, I fail entirely, and have come to the conclusion that I ought, in this matter, "to seek first the Kingdom of God,' and leave health to His care meanwhile. So, God helping me, I resolve henceforth, at whatever bodily sacrifice, to rise sufficiently early to leave *full* time for reading His Word and prayer without hurry; and if I can in no other way manage it, to go to bed at 9 p. m., for extra rest, instead of morning sleep. And, oh, may the Lord give me such increase of strength and grace, that bodily weakness and weariness may seem a little thing to me."

At the age of thirty she writes to an inquiring friend: "It strikes me that you are troubled because you are looking at yourself. Give the time and thought which you are now spending in bewailing your coldness, in looking at Jesus, what He is, what He has done. I know you will think that this is 'easier said than done,' but here you are met by 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and He who says, 'Look unto Me,' is also ready to open the dull eye, and brighten the dim vision."

Writing to another, she says: "I do think it so very often happens that when we are mourning over lack of joy, it is only because our weak frames are holding us from entering into the joy, which is otherwise free and open to us. And perhaps the Lord Jesus is feeling special tenderness

towards you, because you are one of His weak and weary ones. For all your earache and suffering must have unhinged you very much, and He knows it. It is very painful, very weary work to feel chilled and strengthless, to have no vivid joy, no light; but has He not made provision for this in that beautiful verse, Isa. 50:10: 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon His God.'"

Then again at the age of thirty-three, she writes: "Don't you find that when one is brought into any new trial, it is like reaching a whole new vein of promises, getting into fresh strata altogether? It is not one or two isolated ones, but as if an entirely fresh side of the Bible were turned out towards one, which we never saw at all before. I have felt this three times in a very strange and striking way (as well as in lesser trials), so that now, if any new sort of trial befalls me, I should *expect* this to recur again."

As seen from the foregoing extracts, Miss Havergal was a deeply pious woman before she was sanctified. On the second day of December, 1873, she entered into this *rest*. Some one had given her a little book, entitled, "All for Jesus." She read it, and wrote to the author for further light.

He replied, by calling attention to two things: first, that she must put all on the altar; second, that the altar sanctified what was put on it. In other words, it was hers to abide on the altar, and the blood cleanseth everything laid thereon. She exclaimed: "I see it all, and I have the blessing." She says: "One of the intensest moments of my life was when I saw the force of that word 'cleanseth.' The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfillment to me, on simply believing in its fullness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of heaven . . . . It is even having a great effect upon my health; for all touch of worry, care, anxiety, and fidget about anything earthly or heavenly is all gone. Jesus takes it *all;* and the rest of faith is more perfect and uninterrupted than I imagined it possible for any one of my own nervous, highly-strung temperament to enjoy. All his doing! I was powerless, and never saw my own weakness and my own sinfulness as I see them, now that I am finding power and sanctification in Jesus. Do not imagine there need be delay in getting this, let me beg you to at once break through everything—go straight and yield up your *whole* self, *unbelief* and *all*, to Jesus, and receive the blessing . . . . . It seems to come natural now to trust Him utterly and for everything . . . . I am quite sure if

He was ready to do for *me* all that He has done, He must be even more ready to give it to others, for I should think very few Christians ever *dis*trusted and doubted, as I have done, especially with the opportunities I had, and for so many years."

Writing to an inquirer, she says: "Oh, do not compare yourself with others; thousands are shutting themselves out from this blessing, because they will not believe it, and thus hindering others too, who argue that because so and so has not experienced it, and yet is far in advance of me, therefore I ought not to expect it. Dear Miss S., go independently to the Lord Jesus and just *see* what he will do for you. Oh, believe that 'able' means 'able,' and no less; and that 'all' means 'all,' and no less; and taking these two words as your starting point, go and simply search, and see what the Lord *can* do for you, and what he promises to do, you will receive. He has not given you the desire for nothing; He will fulfill it."

LITERARY WORK.

She began publishing her poetry in the columns of "Good Words," in 1860. The famous "Consecration" hymn was written as the result of an outburst of joy at having been instrumental in the conversion of some loved ones. "A song in the

Night" was dictated to her sister during a severe illness in the Alps, whither she had gone in the quest of health. "Tell it Out Among the Heathen," was written one Sabbath morning, when she was unable to go to church. As to her method of writing, she says: "I have a curious, vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being given me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay, every line, being given.....The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession, and said, 'Use it as you like.' But He keeps the gold, and gives it to me piece by piece, just when He will and as much as He will, and no more..... I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. Just now there is silence." and the "silence" continued at one time for five years, but the power to write returned suddenly; one night a full grown hymn came suddenly into her mind.

She is best known through her poems, but her prose is full of rich and suggestive thought. "Kept for the Master's Use," "Royal" books, etc., will long be read by devout minds. "She was always busy, yet seldom hurried, she redeemed the time, yet lived without carefulness."

In the midst of trials and disappointments, she could say: "Thy will be done,' is not a sigh, but '*only a song*.'" Besides her literary work, she was a member of Missionary and Charitable Societies, of Bible classes and Sunday-schools, engaged in cottage visitations, hymn meetings, servants' classes, etc. She was heavily taxed with a large correspondence, embracing in its scope nearly every variety of human need, all of which she endeavored to answer conscientiously.

TRANSLATED.

She died on the third day of June, 1879, at Caswell Bay, Wales. Taking a severe cold from an out-door meeting, as the alarming symptons developed, she said: "It is home the faster." When informed that she was growing worse, she replied: "If I am really going, it is too good to be true." She whispered, "splendid to be so near the gates of heaven," and was repeatedly heard to say, "so beautiful to go." As the end drew near she sang clearly, but faintly, a verse of a favorite hymn to one of her own tunes, "Jesus, I will trust thee." And now," says her sister, "she looked up steadfastly, as if she saw the Lord; and surely nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her counte-

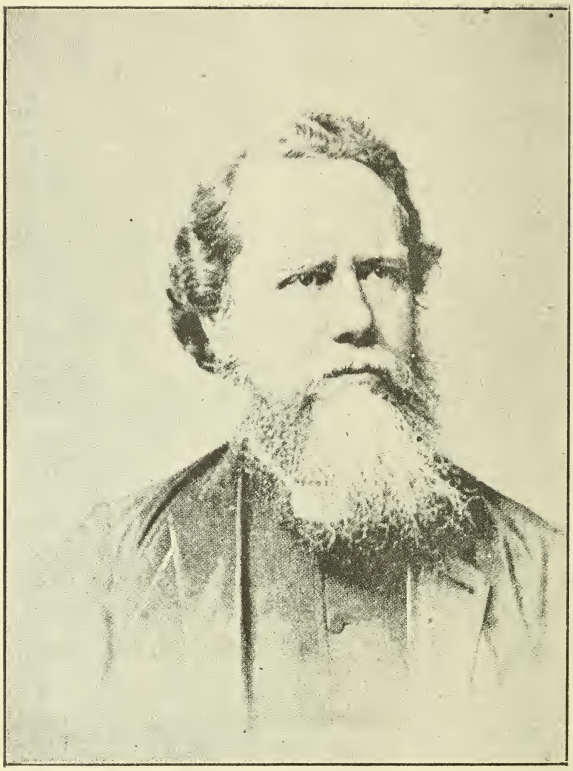
nance was so glad, as if she were already talking to him; then she tried to sing; but after one sweet, high note, her voice failed; and as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand, she passed away," and on the ninth day of June was laid to rest in Astley Church yard, amid the picturesque scenery of her childhood.

At her own request the following text, which she had found so precious in her sanctified life, was written on her tomb:

"*The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*" I John 1 : 7.

Precious, precious, the blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing,
O'er my soul.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth,
From all sin. F. R. H.



J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

CHAPTER X.

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

The China Inland Mission is one of the most remarkable missionary movements of this or any other age. There is much of thrilling interest connected with it. The following interview taken from the *Ram's Horn*, occurred while Mr. Taylor was in this country, two years ago:

A romance of faith is the story of the China Inland Mission, which was founded thirty years ago by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, and to-day has over 700 missionaries in the field. The heroic founder still lives and directs the vast organization. He has just passed through America on his way back to China, after an absence of a year and a half. During his few hours stop over in Chicago, he was seen by a representative of the *Ram's Horn*, and asked to outline, for our readers, the rise and progress of the great movement of which he is the head.

He is short of stature, with flowing white whiskers, and a face full of love and tenderness. The passing years have not impaired his mind nor the vigor of his step. His genial wife, several years

his junior, accompanies him. He speaks calmly and with absolute assurance of uttering the truth, which is born of supreme faith. Indeed, faith appeared to me the distinctive characteristic of the man.

"What has been your mission to Christendom?" I first asked.

"Well, you know the China Inland Mission is like a tree. It has both roots and branches. The branches are confined to China, but the roots are scattered throughout the Christian world. I have been making a tour of the supporting societies which exist in Russia, Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Australia and America. I arrived in New York on the fourth of December, spent a few days with Dr. A. T. Pierson, visited our North American headquarters in Toronto, and expected to sail for Shanghai on December 18th."

"Will you not, Dr. Taylor, describe briefly how the Inland Mission was started, and why it has grown so miraculously?"

"Gladly. It happened in this way: After about seven years of missionary work in China, I returned to England, broken down in health. I was detained at home for several years, and joined with another returned missionary in translating the New Testament into one of the Chinese dialects.

Naturally, we found God's Word very precious unto our own souls and looking on the map of China, which hung on my study wall, we could not forget that there were no Protestant missionaries living many miles inland from the coast. It was terrible to think of a country, 2,000 miles long and 2,000 miles broad as destitute of the gospel apart from the free ports.

"The first thing to do was to pray to the Lord of the harvests that He would thrust laborers into the interior. The next thing was to see whether the existing English societies would not take up the work. But they were all doing as much as they could. Then the Lord pressed it upon me that as they could not, I MUST! I felt assured that I must first go myself, and then interest others to go with me. Now, it was quite evident to me that no denomination would be able to furnish as many workers as would be needed, so I formed an International and Inter-denominational Mission to send out those who appeared called of God, and were willing to go without a guarantee of funds.

"We concluded to make no collection, and asked no one to contribute, but only to pray for the money necessary. On the 26th day of May, 1866, I set out, accompanied by a band of twenty-one persons, of whom about seventeen were active workers. We had only money enough to land us

on the shores of China. We did not starve. God abundantly supplied our needs, though I and others have gone hungry for a few hours at different periods. We have never appealed to the public for funds. All our contributions have come in answer to prayer. The work and workers grew and multiplied, doubled and quadrupled over and over again in an amazing manner. To-day we have more than 800 missionaries at work in China some of them being a six or eight month's journey from the coast.

"During these thirty years, about 20,000 souls have been given us for Christ. A great many have gone to heaven. There are only two of the first hundred converts I and my colleague baptized in the fifties who are still living. We have at present an enrolled membership of between six and seven thousand communicants, with about as many more on probation. There are 250 stations and out-stations belonging to the organization, in which native and foreign workers reside. And we still go on as at first, expecting God to supply all our needs according to His promise. No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' And if we don't want any bad thing, what more do you want?" asked Dr. Taylor with a satisfied smile.

The distinctive doctrines of the China Inland

Mission are the same as those of the Evangelical Alliance. It is not a denomination or a sect, merely an organization for pushing with the greatest zeal the work of saving souls which are dying by the thousands in darkness, in order that, as Mr. Taylor expresses it, "we may not be ashamed when Christ comes." And Mr. Taylor believes He is coming very soon!

"What led you to go to China as a missionary in the first place?" I asked.

"The Lord called me by His Spirit when I was quite a lad about sixteen years of age. While I was a medical student a newly organized missionary society requested me to go out as their first missionary. I worked in China under their auspices for three years, and then the society got into debt. I wasn't happy about that. As the association could not alter its plans I resigned my commission, telling them I could not endure to be supported by borrowed money. I cast myself upon the Lord by faith and found that He supported me better than the society. He raised up scores of friends who sent funds to carry on the work. So I knew by experience that it was safe to trust God, and when later I had a mission to form I organized it on the same lines of faith."

"Have you experienced striking and remarkable answers to prayer in the course of your extraordinary career?

"In large numbers," he replied. He then related a wonderful incident which unmistakably revealed God's almighty arm, and referred me to two booklets written by himself entitled, "A Retrospect" and "After Thirty Years," which contains numerous equally wonderful examples of answered prayer. Continuing, he told an interesting incident that occurred a few weeks since in connection with his present journey:

"Last August and September I was sick in Switzerland. You know this is jubilee year in England, and in consequence most societies depending on free gifts have experienced hard times. The contributions to our own mission were some £10,000 sterling less than the previous year. Now, it happened that this year we had over fifty new missionaries to go to China, and we needed large additional sums for outfits and passage money. This looked very much like a crisis, and it was one. But God was equal to the emergency, and one day last September we received a donation of £10,000 sterling. It was the largest single gift received since the mission was started. Ah, this God is our God forever and ever, and He will be our guide even unto death."

"Will you not, Mr. Taylor, send a brief message to our readers? What personal word have you for them!"

"Just now we need a number of additional missionaries, and we are asking God to raise them up; men and women of faith and prayer who are trusting God for everything. Those who wish to apply can write to Mr. H. W. Frost, 632 Church street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Those who wish to provide the means for sending and supporting missionaries, can send it to the same person. Those interested in our work and wishing to know more of it, might subscribe for our monthly organ, "China's Millions," published at the same place. It costs only 50 cents a year."

"May I ask what is your position, and what are your duties as to the management of the mission?"

"I am the general director, or better, the 'Father of the Family.' Part of the time I travel about in China visiting the various stations, conferring and advising with the workers. Part of the time I spend at our business headquarters in Shanghai, conferring with the director for China, and also with the superintendent of the provinces who meet there for quarterly councils. Then, a part of the time I spend in inspecting and encouraging the roots of our missionary tree, which are scattered throughout Christendom. This is the sort of work I am just finishing."

WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

CHAPTER XI.

WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

BORN March 11, 1750, and died Oct. 13, 1834. Converted May 7, 1771, and sanctified March 13, 1772. This sanctified layman was a striking example of the triumphs of Divine Grace. Saved in his twenty-second year, he lingered in the wilderness less than twelve months, crossing over into the Canaan of Perfect Love shortly after his conversion. He was called of God to be a class-leader. "I am a teacher," he said, "but not a preacher, that is a work to which God has not called me." He traveled from circuit to circuit strengthening the feeble churches, and ministering everywhere he journeyed to the edification of all.

He was sixty-five years of age before he learned to write; but his knowledge of human nature was so acute, his mental and physical powers so happily adjusted, and his soul so filled with God he was a veritable flame of fire.

Our dear Brother, O. P. Fitzgerald, in writing of him, says:

"But it was perhaps in visiting from house to house that his peculiar gifts were called into full-

est exercise, and the richest results of his labors realized. He was the apostle of the household, the angel of the sick-chamber and death-bed, the consoler of sorrow, the guide of the perplexed soul, the counsellor and examplar of a great company of persons who regarded him as the messenger of God, and who aspired to follow him as he followed Christ. He had the gift of saying the right word at the right time. The clouds of spiritual darkness were dispelled, sick-chambers were brightened with heavenly light, and dying-pillows made easy when he came and talked and prayed. He was full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The letter of the word of God seemed to be vitalized and was clothed with a peculiar energy as it fell from the lips of this simple, old class-leader. A single remark from him in passing on the highway has been known to lodge an arrow of conviction in a sinner's heart, and a single prayer bring such an answer as to fill the burdened soul with the peace of God. As we follow him in the rounds, we feel the throb and thrill of New Testament life and power.

There was a tinge of poetry in his soul—a poetic fire that blended with his Spiritual fervor and intensified it. He had gotten by heart many of Charles Wesley's burning and melodious lyrics, and his use of them was singularly ready and

felicitous. By an apt passage of Scripture he would flash light upon the inquiring mind; and then at the happy moment he would, by repeating a well-chosen stanza, touch the sensibilities in such a way as to make the sin-sick, burdened heart receptive of help and healing from the Great Physician. But we miss the secret of his power if we look no farther nor deeper than this. It was not merely that he had stored his mind with the letter of the Sacred Text, and that the words came promptly at his call; it was not merely that he had naturally a sympathetic heart, a magnetic presence, and a voice that strangely filled the hearer. Behind all these natural gifts, if they may be so called, was that greatest gift—a mighty faith in God, the living God. All that God promised he claimed. He took him at his word. The wonders wrought by him were the victories of faith—wonders that might well give him a place among the illustrious saints whose names make the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews a gallery of divinely painted pictures warm with the colors of life, and bright with the reflected glory of the Sun of righteousness."

His experience was rapturous, he said "my peace has flowed as a river and my joys have abounded like Jordan's swelling streams."

The secret of his wonderful life is found in his

powerful conversion and Pentecostal sanctification. In speaking of how he obtained "Perfect Love," he says:

"In the same happy frame of mind, which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts: but O, how greatly was I mistaken! I was a young recruit and knew not of the warfare in which I was to engage. But I was soon taught that I had only enlisted as a soldier to fight for King Jesus; and that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also; which now began to make no small stir. Having never conversed with any one who enjoyed purity of heart, nor read any of Mr. Wesley's works, I was at a loss both with respect to the nature and the way to obtain the blessing of full salvation. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian, and though I had not much time for reading many books, yet I blessed God, I had his own word, the Bible, and could look into it.

"This gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven and told me that 'without holiness no man could see the Lord.' It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from an 'evil heart of unbelief.' My heart appeared to me as a small garden with a large stump of a tree in it, which

had recently been cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewd over it. Seeing something shoot up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up, I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' My inward nature appeared so black and sinful that I felt it impossible to rest in that state.

"Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance. The witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. I had ever kept in remembrance—

> "'The blessed hour when from above
> I first received the pledge of love.'

"What I now wanted was 'inward holiness'; and for this I prayed and searched; in a prayer-meeting the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith by believing 'I shall have the blessing now.' Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room, and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, 'I shall have the blessing now,' than refining fire went through my heart, illuminated my soul, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then re-

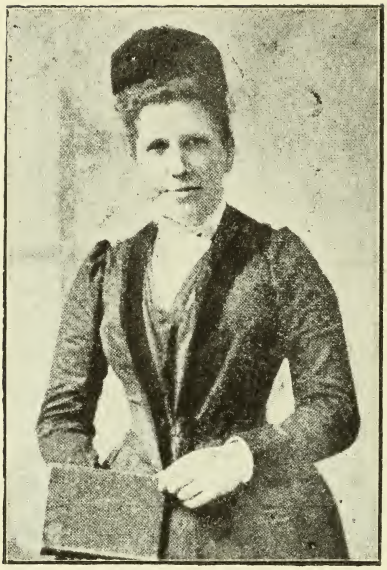
ceived the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, 'This is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart.' I was emptied of self and sin and filled with God. I felt I was nothing and Christ was all in all. Him I now cheerfully received in all his offices; my Prophet to teach me, my Priest to atone for me, my King to reign over me.

> "'Amazing love! how can it be
> That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!'

"Oh what boundless, boundless happiness there is in Christ, and all for such a poor sinner as I am!

"This happy change took place in my soul March 13, 1772."

He died in 1834, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and in the sixty-fourth of his Christian service. His faith was undimned to the last moment. The day before his death he said: "I have this morning been looking about for my sins, but I cannot find any of them—they are all gone." With an indescribable expression of joy and triumph in his countenance, he repeated the line, "Praise God, from whom all blessing flow," and with his dying breath assayed to raise the tune—and then fell asleep in Jesus, to awake and be satisfied with his likeness, and to resume the theme in a nobler, sweeter song in glory.



MRS. E. M WHITTEMORE.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE

[Founder of the Door of Hope, 102 61st St., New York.]

AT quite an early age my heart was given to the Savior, but through making the sad mistake which many a young Christian is liable to do after joining the church, I got my eyes upon the disciple instead of the Christ. Gradually a drifting process began, until a few years later found me intermingling with the world, and it was not very long until a round of gayeties occupied my thoughts, until there seemed to be little space, if any, for the lowly Jesus, in my heart.

Dinners, receptions, etc., followed in quick succession, until the so-called pleasures of the world appeared *somewhat* essential to the enjoyment of life.

However, during that period an aching void in my heart would assert itself when, especially, some cessation occurred of this or that excitement.

One night in a very fashionable attire, standing before the long mirror in my library, awaiting the carriage which was to convey me to some enter-

tainment, I could not but with satisfaction admire the beautiful costume, so tastefully arranged, and the brilliant diamonds which sparkled from my neck and ears, when turning to my little boy, who with wondering eyes was silently watching every movement, I said: "Well, my darling, and how does your mamma look to-night?" Great was my surprise when he quietly came over and touched my bare neck and arms; and, with an upturned face upon which seemed written even more than the words spoken, answered in rather a shocked tone, full of concern, "But O, Mamma, and you are not going *that* way, are you?" Then quickly added: "O, Mamma! you are not dressed."

The anticipated pleasure apparently vanished for that evening's amusement and frivolity; and, although the appointment was kept, those words were faithfully being echoed in my heart, "Not dressed! Not dressed!" Even the carriage wheels in motion going and returning appeared to take them up, and the music in the whirl of the dance —for in those days I could justly be termed a dancing Christian—seemed mockingly to remind me of those utterances, and even in my dreams somehow the thought was fastened upon my mind, until after a short time God made me realize I needed a *change* of raiment, and it was not long after this when, as we supposed, with curiosity, both my husband and

I went away down to 316 Water street to a little dance hall which had been converted into a mission, to see the great "Wonder of the Age," as he was called, Jerry McAuley, the converted river thief.

The Lord most marvelously met us there that night; and before leaving that meeting we both returned to the One whose name we bore and yet had so greatly dishonored. Ever since then the love of the world has been crowded out of my heart, and in its place has been created a real hunger for souls, and a desire to meet God's expectation in all things.

Several years after this, in a most marvelous manner, in answer to believing prayer, my body was healed of a long and quite serious malady, caused through falling down stairs and dislocating the lower joint of my spine.

This added token of his love introduced me into an even closer relationship with my Lord, and I began to get truly acquainted with him in his fulness for spirit, soul and body. This was over sixteen years ago, and never for five minutes has even a symptom returned to remind me of those days, months and years of terrible suffering.

The result of all was the opening of the first Door of Hope for fallen girls, at 102 East 61st street, New York, and since then fifty-three more

such places have been started in various cities, a
taking the same name, in their respective orde
and banded together into what is known as t
Door of Hope Union.

For a few years prior to the dedication of t
mother home, much time was spent in visiti
dance rooms, slums, dives, gilded houses, and v
rious concert halls of low repute, thus coming in
personal contact with those for whom and wi
whom God had invited me to labor.

When first called into the work by the Ho
Spirit's promptings, the thought was not at a
pleasing to my taste. Labor for this special cla
had a sense of repugnance to me, I never havi
had any patience with an evil woman, denounci
her, as others have done, without considering wh
the possibility might have been which had helpe
to render her such.

But in Christ and through Him, finally repud
ating those thoughts, victory was obtained, and t
opening up of God's love was revealed to ava
myself of in order to be fully equipped for this u
dertaking.

It was distinctly shown after some amount
visiting into these awful places where the devil
thought was so industriously carried out, that
order to accomplish anything effective and perm
nent, a home or shelter must be provided for tho

for whom I was laboring. Without question, when a woman has, through misfortune or otherwise, forgotten her womanhood, as it were, she is indeed down ; and even if desirous of reforming, cannot, without some such assistance as a shelter could afford in aiding these resolutions to be carried out. With a man how different! His misdemeanor is soon obliterated from the minds of others, and, as a rule, he can gain a footing, at least without much difficulty.

It was also as clearly shown that it was the will of the Father that whatever was attempted must be done in simple faith. Some few years of testing followed, when at last the first home was founded October 25, 1890, at 102 East 61st street, New York. Everything in connection with it was all so of the Lord that great encouragement was granted to trust implicitly and lovingly for all required, and in many seemingly little matters in marvelous ways did God show his reality. For instance, the day before the opening, being exceedingly busy with necessary preparations, I deferred going to order a door mat until late, (which up to that day had been overlooked,) but when about leaving the house to procure one, a lady drove up, entered with a footman carrying a large bundle, and informed us that she thought that in all the bustle and confusion probably no one would

think of a door mat; and, as it might rain next day, she decided to present two mats to us.

The opening was a most blessed success, and after the large crowds withdrew, on my knees I simply reminded the Lord that the house was in readiness, groceries and all, but no girls had applied. In less than two weeks every room was occupied, and the first young girl, though she came from a prison cell, after a short duration gave her heart to God; and after remaining for several months, a beautiful home was opened to her as companion for an invalid. There later she became attached to a Christian gentleman of character and worth, married, and removed to another town where not long afterwards, through her efforts, principally, a large hall was procured for rescue work. I had the pleasure of publicly dedicating it to the Lord for this enterprise. Ever since then nightly services have been held, and thousands have heard the gospel through this means of grace.

Over twenty-seven hundred souls have been housed in the first Door of Hope up to date, to say nothing of the great numbers who have been reached and assisted temporarily. Many out of all the Homes are now married, while not a few have entered the eternal Home above, to rejoice in the glory-light forever over having their sins forgiven and having been made acceptable in the Beloved.

Added to the mother Home is now what is known as the Door of Hope Gospel Mission, on Third avenue, near 50th street, where nightly gatherings are held for men and women, and the Lord is graciously asserting his power to save.

If time permitted, many interesting cases could be given; but the great bye and bye will reveal sufficient to prove what has been accomplished in this direction. and has added to the glory of our God.

The Door of Hope is strictly a faith work, and is supported only through voluntary contributions, in direct answer to believing prayer. It has been a lone walk with God from the start, and though at times severely tested, not knowing often where the next dollar was forthcoming, when the intended lesson was acquired, the money was granted. In a little over ten years $77,000 has been received to meet the needs of the mother Home in this manner.

Besides, in order that the undertaking should not be a selfish one, a foreign missionary society was organized, and daily sewing is done for this object at the Home; also all my writings are dedicated to the Lord for the same purpose, and, as he directs, to outside needs connected with the work, as a thank offering for his faithfulness in so wondrously meeting those needs. This society is now recognized by the name of the Delia Memo-

rial, so entitled in memory of one, formerly a woman of a gang of thieves in Mulberry Bend, known as the Blue Bird ; and yet after her truly marvelous conversion, she was able to bring over one hundred persons in eleven short months to the knowledge of the Savior, before her death.

The account of this remarkable life has been translated into sixteen languages.

JOHN FLETCHER

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN FLETCHER.

IN the galaxy of saintly heroes the pious Vicar of Madelay will ever shine as one of the most conspicuous. Born 1757, in Switzerland, educated at the University of Geneva, he soon became noted for his scholarly attainments, a theologian of marked ability, a pastor of tireless zeal and unmeasured self-denial; but above all, he was one of the most striking examples of the life of Christian Perfection, which doctrine he so ably defended and so forcibly stressed.

It is said that "his presence was a benediction. In his devotions he seemed to enter the holiest of holies; his face shone like that of Moses when he came down from the Mount where he had talked with God. In contact with him, every heart caught fire from the flame that burned in his soul." In his daily living he did not fall below the high standard presented in his writings. Christian Perfection was more persuasively presented in such a life than it could be in any book. "A great company of believing souls in the generation just past have turned their faces and steps to the sunlit

heights where he stands and beckons to them ; and many who will read these lines, have loftier spiritual ideals, deeper joys, and brighter hopes because this man's experience proved to them that holiness was a possible attainment."

In these days when so many question the instantaneous sanctification of the heart through faith in Jesus, it is well to quote the following utterances from Mr. Fletcher :

"If our hearts are purified by faith, as the Scripture expressly testifies ; if the faith which peculiarly purifies the heart of Christians, is a faith in 'the promise of the Father,' which promise was made by the Son, and directly points at a peculiar effusion of the Holy Ghost, the purifier of spirits ; if we may believe in a moment ; and if God may, in a moment, seal our sanctifying faith, by sending us a fullness of his sanctifying Spirit ; if this, I say, is the case, does it not follow, that to deny the possibility of the instantaneous destruction of sin, is to deny, contrary to Scripture and matter of fact, that we can make an instantaneous act of faith in the sanctifying promise of the Father, and in the all-cleansing blood of the Son, and that God can seal that act by the instantaneous operation of his Spirit, which St Paul calls, "the circumcision of the heart in " or by "the Spirit," according to the Lord's ancient promise, "I will cir-

cumcise thy heart, to love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart." Where is the absurdity of believing that the God of all grace can now give an answer to the poet's rational and evangelical request?

> ' Open my faith's interior eye ;
> Display thy glory from above ;
> And sinful self shall sink and die,
> Lost in astonishment and love."

If a momentary display of Christ's bodily glory could, in an instant, turn Saul, the blaspheming, bloody persecutor, into Paul, the praying, gentle apostle ; if a sudden sight of Christ's hands, could, in a moment, root up from Thomas' heart that detestable resolution, " I will not believe ;" and produce that deep confession of faith, " My Lord and my God ! " what cannot the display of Christ's spiritual glory operate in a believing soul, to which he manifests himself, " according to that power whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself?" Again ; if Christ's body could, in an instant, become so glorious on the mount ; that his very garments partook of the sudden irradiation, became not only free from every spot, but also " white as the light, shining exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them ;" and if our bodies shall be changed, if this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality, in a moment, in the

twinkling of an eye, at the last trump," why may not our believing souls, when they fully submit to God's terms, be fully changed, fully turned "from the power of Satan unto God?" When the Holy Ghost says, "Now is the day of Salvation," does he exclude salvation from heart iniquity? If Christ now deserves fully the name of Jesus, because he fully saves his believing people from their sins; and if now the gospel trumpet sounds, and sinners arise from the dead, why should we not upon the performance of the condition, be changed in a moment from indwelling sin to indwelling holiness? why should we not pass in the twinkling of an eye, or in a short time, from indwelling death to indwelling life?

This is not all. If you deny the possibility of a quick destruction of indwelling sin, you send to hell, or to some unscriptural purgatory, not only the dying thief, but also all those martyrs who suddenly embraced the Christian faith, and were instantly put to death by bloody persecutors, for confessing the faith which they had just embraced. And if you allow that God may cut his work short in righteousness in such a case, why not in other cases? Why not, especially, when a believer confessing his indwelling sin, ardently prays that Christ would and sincerely believes that Christ can, now cleanse him from all unrighteousness?"

In speaking of the various ways in which God may reveal himself in sanctifying the soul, he says:

"When thy convictions and desires raise thee above thyself, as the waters of the flood raised Noah's ark above the earth; then be particularly careful to throw the door of faith, and the window of hope, as wide open as thou canst; and, spreading the arms of thy imperfect love, say, with all the ardor and resignation thou art master of,

> "My heart strings groan with deep complaint,
> My flesh lies panting, Lord for thee;
> And every limb and every joint,
> Stretches for perfect purity."

But if the Lord is pleased to come softly to thy help; if he makes an end to thy corruption by helping thee gently to sink to unknown depths of meekness; if he drowns the indwelling man of sin by baptizing, by plunging him into an abyss of humility; do not find fault with the simplicity of his method, the plainness of his appearing, and the commonness of his prescription. Nature, like Naaman, is full of prejudices. She expects that Christ will come and make her clean with as much ado, pomp, and bustle, as the Syrian general looked for when 'he was wroth, and said, Behold, I thought he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on his God, and strike his hand

over the place, and recover the leper.' Christ frequently goes a much plainer way to work; and by this means he disconcerts all our preconceived notions and schemes of deliverance. 'Learn of me to be meek and lowly in heart, and thou shalt find rest to thy soul—the sweet rest of Christian perfection, of perfect humility, resignation, and meekness. Lie at my feet, as she did who loved much, and was meekly taken up with the good part and the one thing needful.' But thou frettest, thou despisest this robe of perfection; it is too plain for thee; thou slightest "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price;' nothing will serve thy turn but a tawdry coat of many colors, which may please thy proud self-will, and draw the attention of others, by its glorious and flaming appearance; and it must be brought to thee with lightnings, thunderings and voices. If this is thy disposition, wonder not at the divine wisdom which thinks fit to disappoint thy prejudices; and let me address thee as Naaman's servants addressed him: 'My brother, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he says to thee, 'I am the meek and lowly Lamb of God; wash in the stream of my blood, plunge in the Jordan of my humility, and be clean?'" Instead, therefore, of going

away from a plain Jesus in a rage, welcome him in his lowest appearance, and be persuaded that he can as easily make an end of thy sin by gently coming in a still, small voice, as by rushing in upon thee in a storm, a fire, or an earthquake."

In a sermon preached soon after Fletcher's death, John Wesley said: "I was intimately acquainted with him above thirty years. I conversed with him morning, noon and night without the least reserve during a journey of many hundred miles, and in all that time I never heard him speak an improper word or saw him do an improper action. To conclude: Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life within fourscore years; but one equal to him have I not known, one so unworldly and entirely devoted to God. So unblameable a character in every respect I have not found either in Europe or America. And I scarce expect to find another such on this side of eternity."

The following are some of Fletcher's meditations:

"Pray on my knees as often as possible.

"Sing frequently penitential hymns.

"Always speak gently.

"Neglect no outward duty.

"Beware of a fire thou kindliest thyself. The fire that God kindles is bright, mild, constant and burns night and day.

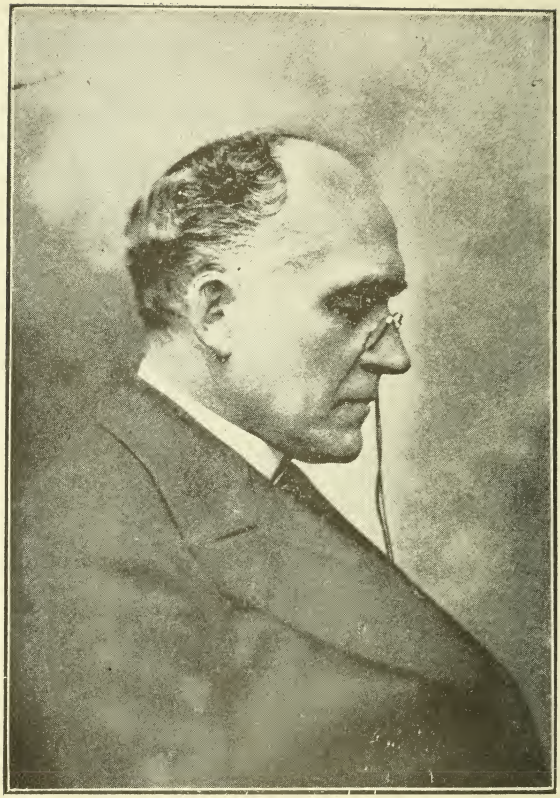
"Beware of relaxing and impotence. God is faithful, but he owes thee nothing.

"Speak only when necessary.

"Do not surrender thyself to any joy.

"Rise in the morning without yielding to sloth."

He once refused a good pulpit because the work was too easy and salary too large. One word reveals the secret of this marvelous life—HOLINESS.



REV HENRY WILSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

REV. HENRY WILSON.

[The following thrilling testimony of our dear brother, Henry Wilson, an Episcopalian minister, of New York, was written at our request, for publication in ZION'S OUTLOOK.—Ed.]

TO help some other life, and to show what God can do for a soul and in a soul willing to be made willing and obedient to His highest will, is the purpose of this brief testimony of spiritual experience:

In my case God's order was—First, the soul. I was saved in a very unexpected but most real way through the Salvation Army, after seventeen years of a ministry called by some successful, and certainly in some degree blessed. I found myself one night kneeling at the penitent form of the army, pleading for pardon and peace, and needing both as much as the drunkard on one side of me and the lost woman on the other. I saw myself as never before, a poor, lost soul, just as much as they, so far as the need of a new heart and a right spirit was concerned. Then and there I found what I was seeking. Shortly afterwards in a night

of prayer, never to be forgotten, in the army barracks, I saw the vision of God, and heard the voice of my Savior as clearly and surely as Paul did on the Damascus road.

In a new and real way beyond any telling in words, I entered into the kingdom of God—old things passed away and all things became new.

Long-cherished theological views, vanished in the light of His face who is the Truth itself, Moses and Elias, and all they had meant to me, were swallowed up in the effulgence of Jesus, with whom they had been talking, and to whom they had all their lives witnessed. Hosea's suggestive words became my personal experience. "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? [and I surely had some, theological, and other.] I have heard and observed Him [Jesus]. I am like a green fir tree. From me is thy fruit found." Hosea 14: 8.

The sweet old chorus became the song of my heart and lips:

> "He the Lily of the Valley,
> The Bright and Morning Star,
> He's fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

This the Holy Spirit, through the blessed Salvation Army, did for me in the year 1883, and made Jesus to me

A living, bright reality,
More present to faith's vision keen
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.

Second, the Spirit. Then in due time and in God's own way came the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the realizing not only of Jesus as my present and personal Savior, but of the filling of my spirit with the very Spirit of God, and the fulness of Jesus, not for salvation merely, but for all that follows and flows from it in Himself.

The name matters so little, when the reality is there—whether it was the "second blessing," or "the experience of sanctification," or whether it was an *act* done by the Holy Ghost upon my saved and cleansed heart, or a *state* produced by that act, I have never cared much to enquire. I know that Jesus gave me the Holy Spirit to be my present and eternal Sanctifier, and the Holy Ghost made Jesus my sanctification, and made His name and nature so rich and full in its meaning and power, that from that hour to this the "fulness of Jesus" and "filled with the Holy Ghost" have meant to me what the filling and overflowing of pure water does to the empty vessel, or a river of wholesome water does to a dry and barren land.

What these two tremendous facts, the salvation of my soul and the sanctification of my spirit, did

for me in the way of service, I can only hint at here.

Soul and spirit on fire with love to God and a lost world, the Word of God illumined by His Holy Spirit, became a new and living Book to me; believing now that "it means just what it says, and says just what it means," and that it is the Word of God from cover to cover, I have had no time for higher or lower criticism of it, but have more than I can do to make it "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

New power, new pleasure, in simply preaching *the Word*—1. Himself, who is the Divine Incarnate Word; 2. His *words*, which He Himself says (John 6) "are spirit and life."

Souls saved through and through, fed, and sanctified after salvation, and then set and sent forth to win and bless other souls. These are some of the "exceeding great and precious" fruits that have come to and through my redeemed and Spirit-filled lips. To God be the glory for all.

Third, the body. Last in order, and as the climax of all, came the healing and quickening of my mortal body (Rom. 8: 11), by the same Spirit.

After seventeen years of severe invalidism—a victim of chronic dyspepsia, catarrhal and throat troubles, nervous depression, resulting partly from severe physical injuries and partly from great sorrows and trials early in life and long continued—

I found, under the teaching of my beloved brother, Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, that Jesus is indeed "the Savior of the body" (Eph. 5 : 23) in a way I had never dreamed of. By the Holy Spirit, through his teaching and life, I learned the blessed secret of the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus for my body here and now, and not merely when I should rise from the dead and meet him in the air.

I found that Ephesians 5 : 30 could be true of a man in this mortal life ; here in the body, surrounded by the ordinary temptations and pressed by the ordinary burdens of life ; that I could be in very truth a member of His body, risen and ascended and seated at the right hand of God, and of His flesh and of His bones ; that I in Him and He in me meant this, and nothing less ; and that in the power of this indwelling, vivifying Jesus Christ in my body, my flesh and my bones, I could be rid of all my chronic troubles and go and have continual victory over pain and every power of the enemy.

No words can ever express the joy that filled my being when this precious truth dawned upon me, and better still when it became a present and permanent reality to me.

For nearly seventeen years it has been not only a living reality to me, but a reality growing deeper

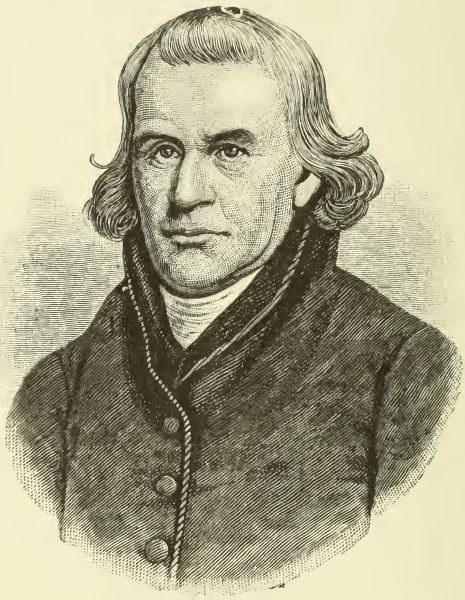
and richer, until now at the age of nearly seventy years, I am in every sense a younger, fresher man than I was at thirty.

At this present time I am, in the strength of God, doing full twice as much work, mental and physical, as I have ever done in the best days of the past, and this observe with less than half the effort then necessary. It is a joy to work now. My life, physical, mental and spiritual, is like an artesian well—always full and overflowing. To speak, teach, travel by night and by day, in all weather, and through all the sudden and violent changes of our variable climate, is no more effort for me than it is for the mill wheel to turn when the stream is full, or for the pipe to let the water run through it.

My body, soul and spirit, thus redeemed, sanctified and healed, I give, O Lord, to thee; a consecrated offering, thine evermore to be.

That all my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory
May dwell.
Hallelujah!
Amen.

He that hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say;
He that hath made thee whole
Will keep thee day by day.



FRANCIS ASBURY.

CHAPTER XV.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

AMONG the men who contributed most in molding the early religious life of this nation, Francis Asbury stands first. Born near Birmingham, England in 1745, converted at the age of twelve years, he began to preach four years later. He came to America in 1771, and died in Virginia in 1816. A born leader with an indomitable will, the most rigid self-denial with a fervor of spirit in which there was never a break, apostolic in zeal, "in labors more abundant," this "bishop in the saddle made full proof of his ministry. That devout sweet-spirited Bishop and gifted author, O. P. Fitzgerald, in his Centenary Cameos, thus describes him:

"There he goes—an embodied itineracy, a bishop whose episcopal throne is in his saddle, whose diocese is a continent.

"There he goes—a bishop on horseback, climbing the hills, swimming creeks and rivers, threading the forest trails, plashing through prairie mud, drenched by the rains, buffeted by the winds; riding on for forty-five years, preaching sixteen thous-

and five hundred sermons, traveling two hundred and seventy thousand miles, presiding in two hundred and twenty-four Annual Conferences, and ordaining four thousand preachers.

"There he goes—going was his passion. Natural was bent in his case was sanctified to the attainment of the gracious purpose of God. The genius that would have made a world-traveled adventurer by divine grace made a world-revered apostle. The search for souls was the spring of an intenser activity than the search for newer scenes and undiscovered lands.

"There he goes—thus the Church will always look at him. His name can scarcely be associated especially with any particular spot of earth for his tireless feet tarried not at any place longer than was necessary to speak his message. The regions beyond had a charm for him that lured him on. The sinner that nobody else had found was the one to whom he felt called to go, and whom he tracked with unflagging steps until he overtook him and told him that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

"There he goes—and there he will be going as long as the Alleghanies stand on their rocky foundations and the Gulf breezes stir the magnolia blooms in the South. Invisible to the bodily eye, yet present in the inspiration of his grand and he-

roic life, he still rides by the side of the men of God who carry the gospel into the wilderness-places and he will be thus riding with them until the last round is made on the last circuit, and the angel reapers shall come to gather in the final harvest.

"He was mighty in the scriptures. He learned Greek and Hebrew on horseback. A professor in a modern Biblical school might have given him some points in scholarship, but he dug deep into this mine of heavenly riches, and became a masterly expounder of the Bible.

"He was specially endowed with the praying gift, if it may be so called. Prayerfulness was his most characteristic quality. He prayed so much in secret that his soul was always tuned for leading public devotions. In prayer he received divine illumination in the study of the sacred oracles; on his knees he sought and found strength to bear the heavy burdens, guidance amid the perplexities and comfort under the sorrows of his life. Prayer was his recreation. From the place of secret prayer he went into the pulpit with his face shining like that of Moses when he came down from the mount where he had talked with God, and the awe-struck multitude felt strangely moved while he spoke to them the word of life. On his journeys he would pray with such sweetness, tenderness and power that his visit was remembered as a

benediction, and the tradition is handed down to children's children. By the way-side, yielding to a sudden impulse, he kneeled down and prayed for a negro ferryman, and twenty years afterward, meeting him again, found that his impromtu prayer was blessed to the saving of a soul. This is the key to his wonderful career: through the channel of prayer the supernatural element flowed into the life of this man of God, and flowed out again in blessing to the world. God was with him, and wrought mightily by his hand because he waited daily at his feet in prayer for power from on high. Maintaining this expectant, receptive attitude toward the Pentecostal promise, his soul enjoyed its perpetual fulfillment. As long as his successors shall follow his example in this regard, the hosts of our Israel will not halt in their triumphant march, and the pillar of cloud shall lead them by day and the pillar of fire by night."

In this day, confronted as we are in too many instances with an ease-loving self-indulgent, effeminate ministry, it is refreshing to study such lives as that of Asbury, who looked with disdain on all soft, easy places, braved every kind of hardship, spurned with contempt the smiles of Christ-crucifying world, and denounced every kind of sin. No wonder the gates of hell trembled wherever he went. Such a ministry would have similar results

to-day. What was the secret of the tremendous evangelism of such men as Asbury, who shook the country wherever they went, like a moving mountain? Ah! here is the secret: they were dead to the world. "Confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims" here, and like Enoch, walked with God.

G. C. Smith, in his life of Asbury, says: "All Methodists in that day after a conscious conversion began to seek for what they called the removal of the least and last remains of the carnal mind." This reveals the secret of the peculiar power which characterized their ministry. They did not backslide because they set their faces immediately after their conversion toward the Canaan of Perfect Love. This was the goal to which they all aspired, and any Church doing the same to-day would be a strong center of spiritual power. In Asbury's ministry the doctrine of Perfect Love was constantly emphasized and to this can be attributed much of the marvelous results which attended it.

In his journal he reported both the conversions and sanctifications occurring at various places under his ministry. Sometimes they ran up to several hundred of each. Early in his ministry he writes as follows: "I felt much power while preaching on Perfect Love. The more I speak on this subject the more my soul is filled and drawn

out in love. This doctrine has a tendency to prevent people from settling on their lees." In 1782, we have the record that he was constantly pressing this precious truth upon others. In 1803 he writes: "I feel it my duty to speak chiefly upon perfection and above all to strive to attain unto that which I preach."

In 1814 he said that he was divinely impressed to preach sanctification in every sermon. These extracts are sufficient to show the emphasis he put on preaching sanctification, but we add two others taken from letters addressed to preachers: "Preach sanctification directly or indirectly in every sermon. O Purity! O Christian perfection! O sanctification! It is heaven below to feel all sin removed. Preach it whether they will hear or forbear. Preach it!"

"AUNT PUSS" GARRETT.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BLIND EVANGELIST.

"AUNT PUSS" GARRETT, as she is familiarly known, would be surprised if any one called her an Evangelist, as she feels neither worthy nor competent to share the honors of that sacred office. But in her own intense, fervid and terse manner she is being used of the Lord to do a gracious work.

Her gifts lie chiefly in the realm of song and testimony, and in a quaint and inimitable style she pours out her soul through these two channels. Time and again have we seen audiences thrilled under her burning utterances.

Until a few years ago she was content to work in a local way doing what she could in her church and community. But one day as she was engaged in prayer the Lord whispered in her heart, "go," and she has been going from that day to this as never before. In fact, she devotes most of her time now to assisting in revival meetings and she finds supreme joy in traveling over the country in evangelistic work. It is hardly necessary to say that she is a sanctified woman, for what we have

already said could not be true if she had not received the gift of the Holy Ghost.

She was born of devout parentage, near Nashville, Tenn., July 17, 1838. Of her parents she says: "My father died July 11, 1854. He was a devout Christian, a faithful soldier of the cross and his end was peace. My mother died May 23, 1867. I can never tell what my precious mother was to me. I remember still the touch of her hands on my face. They soothed my pains and sufferings, as nothing else could do. Precious mother! I feel and know that she has gone to that bright world, that haven of rest where the tears never flow. Five dear, good brothers and one sweet lovely sister have passed over the river; but I know they are all safely housed in the 'Palace of the King,' waiting and watching for me."

The following extracts from her experience mark the successive steps in the revelation of Christ to and in her heart:

BORN AGAIN.

"I was converted (or professed faith in Christ) in September, 1854, and was baptized by immersion, by Rev. James M. Crawford, a local preacher. My conviction was powerful. I was at a little church called Forest Grove, sixteen miles from Nashville. There was no revival service, only a

regular church meeting. I remember very distinctly how the church and everything looked. I was on my knees with my face to the door praying. Everything looked so gloomy, the lights shone so dim, and out through the open door it looked so dark. It was as dark in my heart, and a tremendous struggle was being carried on in my soul. I was praying as I thought, to myself, but my friends and relatives told me afterwards that I was praying aloud. I was so entirely lost to my surroundings that I knew not that my prayer was spoken aloud. But just at that moment of agony and darkness, when self was helpless, Jesus, my great High Priest, spoke peace to my soul. Then it was that the old tin reflectors glittered like silver, and the sperm candles looked like gas jets, and the walls of the old log church looked like gold, and the faces of my friends and relatives shone so bright and lovely while I was rejoicing and praising God. I know I was soundly converted, that I passed from death to life."

In October, 1856, after a year of intense suffering, she became totally blind. In January, 1867, she had a marvelous revelation of Christ on the cross. She says:

"I was sitting in my mother's room alone. Suddenly there appeared before my left eye a snow-white cross with the Saviour on it. The

cross was about an inch in length and imbedded in a cloud of mist. The whole picture was not larger than the palm of my hand, but O how beautiful! It startled me at first. I thought it was a warning to me that I was soon to die; and at that time, as in the case of many other Christians, I feared death.

"Though thirty-three years have elapsed since this wonderful vision first dawned on my soul, I still see it and O how beautiful!

"It has been a great comfort to me in my Christian life. God has wonderfully blessed His blind child. I feel it every day, and I can say, "Blessed be God for blindness!"

SANCTIFICATION.

"I had been trying for a long time to get higher in the Christian life. The year 1895 I began to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and I felt that I *must* go higher. At a praise meeting at Tulip Street, I arose and told my pastor that I was *trying* to live a Christian life, and that I was all on the altar—*but I was not*. I had at different meetings consecrated my life to God, and I would reconsecrate and dedicate, but I was *not* on the altar—I had not laid down every weight. About this time I heard of the Second Blessing, or entire Sanctification. I had never heard a sermon on it, but was hungering for some-

thing *better* than I had, and I was determined if there was anything more for me, by the grace of God I was going to have it. I heard Bro. Crump preach on this wonderful gift, the second work of grace in the heart. At this meeting I got up and testified, and said I knew something about the first blessing, but nothing about the second. I was in total darkness about it. I couldn't see at all—was as blind as a bat.

"I talked with Bro. Crump, and he told me that Dr. Carradine was coming to Nashville in November, and for me to go and hear him. Dr. Carradine did come, and I went to hear him. On Thursday I went to the altar. When Dr. Carradine gave his first invitation for Christians who wanted the blessing of entire sanctification to come to the altar, I went as quickly as a blind person could get there. I gave up all—mind, spirit and body, relatives and friends, the world—I gave up *all* for *Christ*. Friday I went back to the altar again. A friend came to me and asked: "Miss Puss, what is your trouble?" I told him I had given up all for Christ, but there was something that worried me. Saturday I went back again.

Dr. Carradine asked me if I believed that the altar sanctified the gift, and I told him yes! My death was a very hard one; I was not quite dead yet. You know, God wants *the whole heart.*

This something that worried me was a plain gold ring that I wore on my left hand. Pride was still lurking in my heart. On Sunday morning I took off my ring and kissed it goodbye By this time the "old man" was nearly dead. Glory be to God! Sunday evening I went to the altar again, and while there, glory to God! hallelujah! I died stone dead to sin, the world, the flesh and the devil. I reached across the bench and said to my friend, "Miss Annie, I've got it." Then wave after wave of sweet peace rolled in on my soul, glory to His name forever and ever. Then it was that I was all on the altar, and Jesus sanctified the gift. And now I *know* that I am bound to that altar by love's strong chord.

When I got this wonderful pearl, the white stone, I was wrapped in a blaze of God's glory. For days and days I could look into my heart and see the white flames of God's love. Glory to God, I was burned up, I tell you. I know what I am talking about, hallelujah! Now I can sing,

> 'Oh happiness, it is no dream,
> For glory's opened in my soul,
> And love divine shall be my theme
> Long as eternal ages roll."

I know that my hands are clean and my heart is pure. I know I shall see the King in His beauty Now I can sing,

"The blood, the blood, is all my plea;
Hallelujah! it cleanseth me!"

Now I can glory in my afflictions and say *thank God for blindness*. They tell me I shall see when I get to that bright world; but it makes no difference whether I see or not. If I am in the dark a million of years, I will be satisfied, just so I can be with my Christ and put my hands on His face. Glory to His name!

I got the double portion, the second work of grace in my heart. With me it is a second work of grace. I had many blessings while in the converted state; but with all these I felt at times that I was down in the valley of humility. But glory be to God, on the 10th day of November, 1895, between three and four o'clock, I got the double portion, and ever since then I've been in the land of Canaan.

The promise is that whosoever hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled. Glory to God, I know that I am filled.

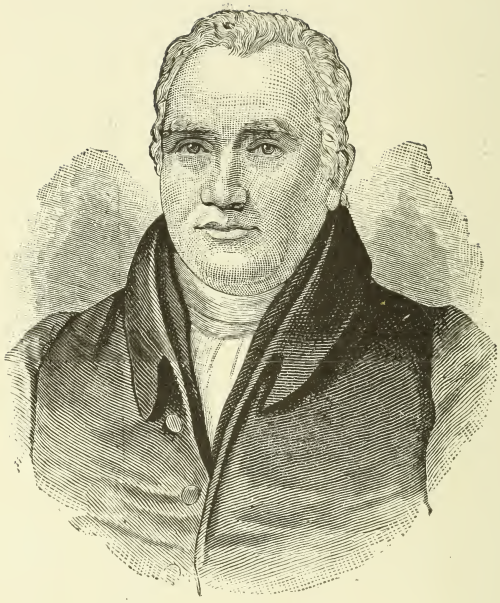
'Oh 'tis glory, oh 'tis glory, oh 'tis glory in my soul,
For I've touched the hem of His garment,
And His power has made me whole."

And now I want to say that my Savior keeps me every minute. If I had a million tongues I couldn't praise Him enough for His keeping power. The Holy Ghost did come to me in such

a wonderful baptism of fire. I know I am saved, sanctified and kept by the power of Jesus.

"I have plunged beneath the crimson tide,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And now by faith I'm sanctified,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"And here I stand this very hour,
Kept by Almighty keeping power;
Temptations come the blood's my plea—
That precious blood now cleanseth me."



ADAM CLARKE.

CHAPTER XVII.

ADAM CLARKE.

FEW men were more prominent or figured more actively in the great religious awakening of a century ago than Adam Clarke. Like most great men, he was "cradled in poverty." One of his earliest memories was the "weeping and wailing" in the household when their last acre of land was gone. His father, though poor, was a well educated school-master, and trained his children well. From eight years of age young Adam was self-supporting. But he was a dull student, until one day the phrase, "Oh! what a stupid ass!" probably hurled at him in derision, aroused his sluggish brain, and "his long sorrow turned into instant joy;" study became a delight. In his research for knowledge, he waded through all learning, and mastered more than twenty languages. His biographer says: "With a bright half guinea which he found while digging in the school house garden at Kingswood, he bought a Hebrew grammar, in the use of which he made the beginning of his vast acquisitions and labors in Oriental learning. He rode, read and studied, mastering the Greek, Latin,

Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee and Syriac versions of the Scriptures, and most of the languages of western Europe. There was no branch of literature or physical science with which he did not become, in some degree, familiar. He was elected to membership in the London, Asiatic, Geological, and other learned societies. The government called him to high official position, where his scholarship could be employed for the honor of his country and the welfare of humanity."

His greatest work is his commentary on the Scriptures. While there are some more practical, and while there are others more modern who have gone beyond him in some things, yet Clarke's Commentaries are still household words, and an invaluable treasury of Biblical knowledge. He was forty years in the preparation of this colossal work; and, take it all in all, it is one of the greatest commentaries published during the past 1,000 years.

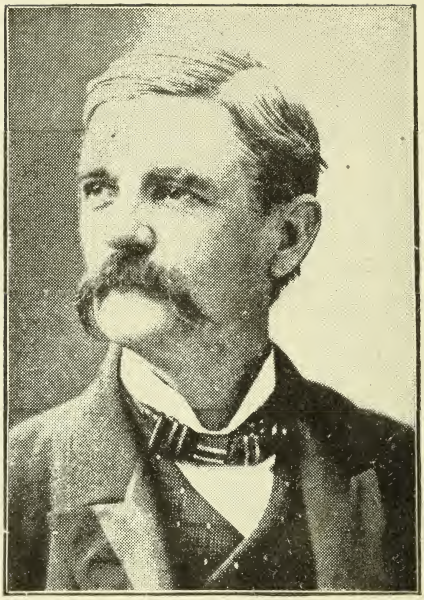
Drawn by curiosity to hear John Brettel, a Methodist preacher, the sermon so impressed him that he went again; and a sermon from the text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," so convicted him that he was in an agony of conviction, which, as is usually the case, was followed by a sky-blue conversion. He joined the Methodists, and soon became an exhorter on a circuit of his own appointment. One day Wesley met him and said, "Do

you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?" "Sir, I wish to be and to do whatever God pleases," replied young Clarke. "I think you had better go out into the work at large," said Wesley. Then laying his hands upon the young preacher's head, he prayed a few minutes, and having thus ordained him sent him to Bradford circuit, having twenty-three appointments. The next year he was sent to Norwich circuit, and one horse allowed for four preachers. He rode that circuit "*mostly on foot*, his saddle bags on his own back," preaching in eleven months 450 sermons, besides delivering many exhortations. In Cornwall, he preached in the open air amid the sleet and rain to crowds which no house could hold. Like most of the early Methodists, he emphasized the doctrine and experience of sanctification, teaching that we obtain a pure heart through faith in the all sufficient blood of Jesus. He says: "We are to come to God for an instantaneous and complete purification from all sin as well as instantaneous pardon. In no part of the Scriptures are we directed to seek the remission of sins seriatim —one now, and another then, and so on. Neither in any part are we directed to seek holiness by gradation. Neither a gradation pardon nor a gradation purification exists in the Bible.

As to how he reached this *second crisis* in his re-

ligious experience, he says: "I regarded nothing, not even life itself, in comparison with having my heart *cleansed from all sin;* and began to seek it with full purpose of heart. . . . Soon after this, while earnestly wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and endeavoring self desperately to believe, *I found a change wrought in my soul*, which I have endeavored through grace to maintain amid the grievous temptations aud accusations of the subtle foe."

Like all men and women who have been mighty for God, he laid great stress upon *holiness of heart.* O, if the leaders in the religious thought of these days "panted after God," and rested not until they were "perfected in love!" What a quickening there would be in the "valley of dry bones," and numberless deserts would be turned into gardens. Adam Clarke died of cholera August 26th, 1832, and the ripe scholar, renowned author and devout preacher was numbered among the white-robed throng above.



SAM JONES.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAM JONES ON THE SECOND BLESING.

[A sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church, Nashville, Tenn.]

A MAN is never better than his heart. A clean heart is the need of every Christian man and woman. This should be the cry and plea and the earnest object of every believing child of God: "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" Thank God that this is our privilege. Thank God that many people seek and obtain it. I don't care what you call it, whether the second or third or the thousandth blessing, it cleans out and then cleans up—purifies the heart, cleans up the life, and, thank God, so benign and wondrous and so needed a work of grace can be possessed by men and women. I welcome it under any name, and have a profound contempt for the spirit which would depreciate the people who possess it, or the great grace which has come to them.

You may say what you please about the holiness people, but I want to say this: I have never seen a holiness man that wasn't a Prohibitionist from his hat to his heels. I have never seen one who

didn't vote for prohibition always and everywhere. I have never seen one that didn't fight liquor, card playing, and every phase and form of worldliness in the church. I have never seen a second blessing man or woman that believed in or gave card parties, indulged in punch slinging, went to the theatre, or dancing parties, or engaged in or encouraged any phase or form of the deviltry that is cursing the church to-day. I have never seen a second blessing man or woman that wouldn't pray anywhere and everywhere when called on, and that wasn't ready to stand up and testify for the Lord whenever opportunity offered. I never saw a second blessing person in my life, man or womau, at the head of a family, that didn't get down night and morning and pray for the children in that home and for God's guiding hand in all things pertaining to their sacred home responsibilities.

I will tell you another thing: I never saw a preacher in my life that was fighting the holiness crowd that wasn't a dead dog in his pulpit—can't bite. You may watch it. Every little preacher that you hear fighting the holiness people is a fellow that hasn't had a revival or a conversion in his ministry in years, unless he got somebody else to hold his meeting. God just wont honor any such a preacher. You never see a man in the church who fights the holiness people, but what if

you will search down far enough you will find him wrong in his life or rotten in his character.

I will tell you another thing: Whenever you hear one of the sisters in the church just pitching into these "second blessing fanatics," as she calls them, you may set it down she is one of them old gals that either has a punch bowl in her house, or she slips across to her neighbor and just "takes a little," or leads in some form of worldliness.

Sometimes folks have said that I "fit" the second blessing people. I want to say here and now, it is not true. I never do any such thing. I don't fight 'em; I just trim 'em up sometimes like I do all the other gangs, and they need trimming just like the balance of you folks need trimming; and you will find that all the fellows that have got the blessing don't mind the trimming. The second blessing people are right in heart; some of them are wrong in the head. There are black sheep in that flock as well as in your flock. Some second blessing people, so called, haven't got the right spirit, and maybe don't live right. I can say this —such folks haven't got the second blessing, and if they ever had it, they have lost it. And I can say that some of the crowd that is everlastingly fighting the second blessing folks may have had the first blessing when they commenced the fight,

but they have fought and fought until they have lost the first blessing.

You have got to have a clean heart if you have a clean life, and God desires both; and yet some of you worldly gang in the church are whining: "I just can't live without sin; I just have to sin every day; I am just a poor worm of the dust, and poor human nature is so frail that I can't live without sin." Well, now, just tell me what sin is it you are compelled to commit every day? Just sit down and write it out on a piece of paper and look at it, and see which of the commandments you have got to break every day of your life? What sin or sins have you got to commit every day of your life? What a libel on your Savior! What a slander on the atoning blood of the Lamb! For what was the Lamb slain? Why did the crimson tide flow from the side of Divine Innocence if it was not to cleanse us from all sin? Did He not come to save from sin? Where sin abounded, did not grace much more abound? No brother, sister, thank God, it is false when you say that you *have to sin;* you sin because you want to sin, and you insult your Lord and misrepresent the atonement when you seek to cover your guilt or apologize for your love for something forbidden by pleading a necessity for sin.

Let's suppose a case: Here is a man who has

a fine ten room house which he sells to a friend; makes him a deed in fee simple; receives the cash in payment and turns over to him the property, giving him the keys to nine rooms, but retains the key to one room. The buyer says, "Well, hello, friend, didn't you say there were ten rooms in that house? Why don't you give me the key to the tenth room?" "Oh," says the other, "I've got some snakes and lions and bears locked up in that room, and I don't propose to turn that over to you." "Well, but didn't I buy the whole house; and didn't you deed it to me, and pledge yourself in the deed to deliver the same and to forever warrant and defend the title to the same to me; and do you suppose I am going to move my family into that house, one room of which is filled with snakes and lions and bears to endanger my family and the lives of my children?" Now, brethren, you know that would burst up the whole transaction on the spot. There ain't a man in Christendom that would stand any such a piece of fraud as that, and you know it, and yet there are lots of you folks that profess to make a full consecration, and with a heart thoroughly emptied to invite the Lord to enter and take full possession in all his cleansing power, and you know there is a nook or corner in your heart where you won't let him enter, and which he has never entered and can never

enter because there in that sequestered nook of your nature you are nursing the hissing serpents of envy and jealousy. Roaming around in that dark region are the lions and bears of hate and malice and spite. You know as well as you know that you are living that there are tempers, carnal passions, and a thousand things unexpelled from your nature which keep your Lord from a full and absolute supremacy in your hearts. And yet you profess to have turned the whole thing over to him!

Oh, brethren and sisters, you have got to turn loose, laying everything on the Altar, and sweep out into the ocean of God's infinite love. Thank God that I ever did that.

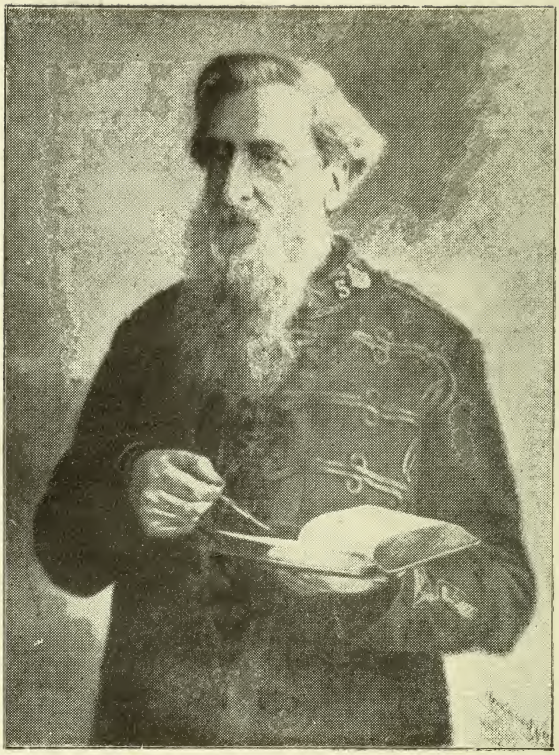
Some of the sweetest memories of my life and the profoundest experiences of my Christian character are connected with these holiness brethren. Never shall I forget an association with a holiness preacher down in a Georgia town a few years ago. That brother had preached this great blessing with all the earnestness and power of his soul. The tidal wave of salvation was sweeping over the people. He was urging a full and uncompromising consecration of all to God, and that accompanying supreme act of faith which procures the downpour of the Spirit in all his fulness. We were walking alone after one of the services had closed, and turning to me he said: "Sam, why in the world,

brother, don't you turn loose everything that lies between you and God's fulness and lay hold on this great blessing?" I said: "Brother, everything that stands between me and my God and the uttermost which he can do for me is not worth more than a nickel. I wouldn't give a nickel for anything under the burning sun that I wouldn't turn loose in a second that stands between me and God's fulness." Brother P. said: "Then, Sam, you are just within one nickel of the blessing." I replied: "Well, a nickel shan't split such an important matter."

When I got back to church at the next service the meeting had commenced, and this brother was praying as I entered the church, and knelt down, and he truly had hold of the horns of the altar.

Such praying I never heard since I was born into the world. The very windows of heaven seemed open. I felt the very presence of my God; heaven and earth came together. It was a time of heart-searching, heart-emptying, heart-surrendering and heart-filling. At that meeting, in that solemn and never-to-be-forgotten hour, I turned loose the willows that overhung the banks, and swept out into the very midst of the ocean of God's infinite love; and the joy of that moment lingers sweetly and ineffaceably to-day. Its memory and power have swept over the lapse of years, and it

has been my solace in a thousand sorrows, my strength in a thousand struggles, my star of hope through a thousand nights, and like a sheen of glory will canopy with its light and peace and triumph my dying hour. Thank God, there is water enough in the River of Life to cleanse every heart from all sin.



WILLIAM BOOTH.

CHAPTER XIX.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

GENERAL BOOTH, the founder and leader of the Salvation Army, was brought up in the Episcopalian church, but at the age of fifteen he began to attend the meetings held in Wesleyan churches, and under the heart-searching preaching of those days, he was soon converted. He joined the church and entered at once upon a career of usefulness that has had few parallels in our day. Down in the slums of Nottingham, England, he did his first "open air" preaching. Mounted on a goods box or ash barrel, he would pour forth his burning utterances until the truth pierced the heart; then it was not difficult to persuade many of his attentive hearers to go with him to the cottage meetings, where numbers of them gave their hearts to God.

Finally, the crowds grew too large for the cottage, and he marched them down the streets singing, until they reached the chapel, where they were relegated to the rear; the more respectable part of the church looked on with disfavor, but nothing daunted, the young enthusiast pressed on-

ward after souls. Working in the store till 8 o'clock at night, he would hurry from his place of business to the street meetings, prayer service, or to the bedside of the sick and dying; in short, anywhere, to warn a sinner, dry a tear, or comfort a broken heart. Sabbath days he tramped to the distant villages to preach, and while returning late at night, trudging along the muddy roads, he enlivened the journey by prayer and praise, singing favorite songs and choruses.

At the age of twenty-three he gave up a promising business, and devoted himself entirely to the work of the ministry. In the meanwhile he had moved to London, and his pastor told him that "preachers were not wanted in London," or at least, only those of the most intellectual and cultured training.

Hearing that Australia had an open field for young preachers, he planned tendering his services as chaplain on a convict ship, that he might thereby work his passage through, but the Master had need of him elsewhere.

A friend insisted on being allowed to support him. "How much will you require?" asked the friend. "Twelve shillings, (three dollars), a week will keep me in bread and cheese," replied the young soldier of the Cross, for he was willing to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus

Christ." But the friend insisted that he should make it five dollars per week and on this meagre support he laid the foundation of a work which is world-wide in its influence.

Soon after his conversion, that flame of fire, Caughey, visited Nottingham, and under his burning utterances the heart of young Booth was stirred mightily, and he was led to seek similar outpourings of the Spirit upon his own work.

His life from 1852 to 1865 was devoted to evangelistic campaigns of the most stirring and fruitful type. But amid all these gracious revivals he could not fail to note the absence of a large per cent. of the "working class."

"Again and again did the eye of the great evangelist range restlessly over his congregation to see if any of these classes were represented and to mark whether the tidal wave of the revival had reached those rock-bound limits. Again and again his heart sank with disappointment as he noted that the overwhelming majority of his hearers belonged to the regular church-going crowd."

"Again and again the conviction would force itself upon him that his mission was to the great no-man's-land of the godless, churchless, hopeless and often homeless masses." He also found that unless his converts were organized into bands of ardent workers animated by the same spirit that

characterized his ministry, that they, too, often dropped into the dull, sluggish state of many of the professed Christians by whom they were surrounded.

June 16th, 1855, he was married to Catharine Mumford. This gifted woman was a powerful auxiliary to his work, and through the remarkable ministry of this "mother of the Salvation Army" thousands of her sex were encouraged to glean like Ruth in the harvest fields of their Master, or like Deborah to lead the hosts in the storm of battle against the frowning fortress of sin.

The Salvation Army was born in an old tent, located in a disused cemetery, amid the lowest and vilest environments of East London. Right in the midst of this pandemonium of profanity, obscenity, drunkenness and crime of every kind, this infant prodigy was brought forth and wrapped in its swaddling clothes, and from its humble birth it soon waxed strong and became a giant, running with colossal strides across continents to "earth's remotest bounds." After a nine week's campaign, the tent in which the work started blew down, and then the meetings were held next in a dance hall on Sunday and in an old wool warehouse at night through the week. The General describes these early efforts as follows: "The people danced in it until the small hours of Sunday morning, and

then the converts carried in the seats, which had fortunately not been destroyed with the tent. It was a long narrow room holding about 600 people. The proprietor combined the two professions of dancing master and photographer, the latter being specially pushed on Sundays. In the front room through which all the congregation had to pass from the open street, sat the mistress coloring the photographs, whilst some one at the door touted for business. The photography was done at the top of the house, and the customers had to pass on their way up by a sort of a parlor that was open to our hall. It was a regular thing for them to pause and listen to the message of salvation as they went up stairs on their Sabbath-breaking business.

"For week nights we secured an old wool warehouse in one of the lowest parts of Bethnal Green. Unfortunately the windows opened on the street. When crowded, which was ordinarily the case, it became oppressively hot, especially in summer. If we opened the windows the boys threw stones, mud and fireworks through, and fired trains of gunpowder laid from the door inside. But our people got used to this; shouting hallelujah! when the crackers exploded and the powder flashed. Doubtless a good many were frightened away. Still, many a poor, dark soul found Jesus there, becoming a brave soldier of the cross after-

wards. It was an admirable training, suitable for the development of the Salvation Army spirit.

"There is no spot under the sunlight of heaven too degraded or wicked for the Army to go. In fact they choose the vilest and toughest section of the city in which to locate their work, and from these "slums of iniquity," a great number have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

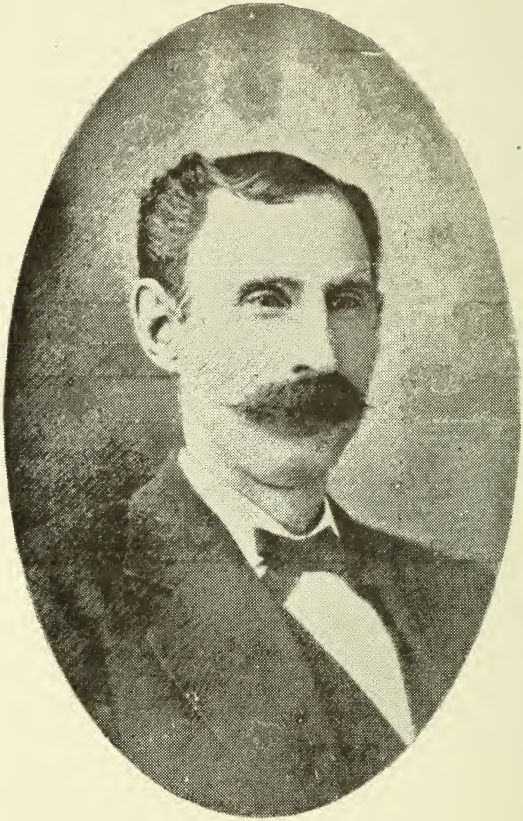
"Criticism, yes, they once had a cyclone of it, but the better class of people have now ceased their hostility and have become, in many instances, enthusiastic supporters of this remarkable movement.

This "Apostle to the Poor," his biographer says, "has striven from its earliest inception to make the Army the church of the churchless, and the home of the homeless, the friend of the workingman, the champion of the workless, the reformer of the worthless, "the fold of the black sheep," as it has sometimes not inappropriately been called. With a view to reach the unreachable masses, the General chose for his cathedral the open air, for his parish the lost sheep of humanity. . . . He consecrated himself, his family and his organization to the service of the submerged masses of mankind and donated his all to "No Man's Land."

The birthplace of the Salvation Army in America, while not in a tent or a burial ground, was nevertheless of humble origin, being an abandoned chair factory eighty feet long by two hundred feet broad, whose rough-boards and white-washed walls seemed more of a livery stable than a place of worship.

Besides the several thousand corps scattered all over the world, leading souls by the hundreds of thousands to Christ, they have inaugurated extensive schemes for the relief of the social condition of the poor. Among the various institutions thus established are to be seen Shelter and Food Depots, Labor Bureaus, Wood-yards and Work-shops, Slum Posts, Prison Gate Homes for ex-criminals, and Rescue Homes for Fallen Women. They have recently added the Homestead Colony, Salvage Brigades and several other helpful branches of work.

Like all other religious institutions they need to watch and pray, lest the older and stronger they get, they fall into the snare of Satan and become formal, proud and worldly.



JERRE M'AULEY.

CHAPTER XX.

JERRY M'AULEY.

THAT "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," was the apostle's grateful boast. The simple proof of the claim was that the author of this gospel had saved him, "the chief of sinners." The apostle further alleges that this mighty display of the gospel, in reference to himself, was to "show forth all long suffering," and for "a pattern to them which should hereafter believe."

If Paul was an example of God's saving power, through Christ, as directed to the cultured class and self-confident sinner, Jerry McAuley was no less an example of the same power toward the self-abandoned and degraded.

Without a claim to respectability, he was most tempted to despair for the want of a single merit upon which to stand; but it was in this conscious unworthiness that the river thief stood nearer to the Savior than did the proud and self-confident Saul of Tarsus.

Jerry McAuley was the son of a counterfeiter, who left home to escape the law before his child

knew him. Jerry was then sent to live with his grandmother, who was a Catholic. Full of mischief, he used to throw things at her while prostrate in prayer, and then be amused as she arose swearing and cursing him for his bad behavior.

At the age of thirteen, he came from Ireland to New York, where, in course of years, he became a prize fighter and river-thief. He himself says: "By rapid degrees, I went through all the grades of vice and crime, till I don't suppose a bigger nuisance and loafer ever stepped above ground. I was a lad in years, but a man in sin. I made good hauls, for the river police did not amount to much in those days; and it was pretty easy to board a vessel and take what you pleased. The fourth ward belonged to my kind. It is bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was then."

At the age of nineteen he was sentenced to Sing Sing prison, for a term of fifteen years. Though innocent of the special crime for which he was sentenced, he had, in his own words, "done enough to send him to prison forty times over."

That ride to Sing Sing was the saddest hour of his life, and "gladly would he have thrown himself before the advancing train and ended his life."

Arriving at prison, the first thing he saw was the sentence over the door: "The way of the transgressor is hard." When he put on the prison

dress and they locked him in, he knocked his head against the wall, and would have killed himself had he dared to do so.

Five years of utter misery were passed in prison, with no break in the monotony, except by the prison punishments, which were incurred whenever the pent-up wretchedness broke bounds in acts of lawlessness.

The first rift in the dark cloud was one Sunday, when with the other convicts he was marched into the chapel. Gloomy and dejected, he was, as usual, paying no attention to what was said on the platform, when suddenly he recognized the voice and face of an old associate in vice, Orville Gardner, called "Awful Gardner" in the vicious New York haunts.

Transfixed by the discovery that this his former partner in all manner of sin was about to speak to the convicts about salvation, he lost not a word of all that he said. Declaring that he was not worthy to stand upon the platform, Gardner had come down upon a level with the convicts, and through weeping and thanksgiving to God, told them of how he himself had been saved from as low a condition as any man could be in.

The effect on the convicts, and on Jerry particularly, was magical. Tears filled his eyes. He lifted his hand to wipe them away, but was ashamed

to be seen weeping. He knew that Gardner was no hypocrite.

Stirred by a new interest, if not a new hope, he went back to his cell, and took from the ventilator, where he had put it the first day he entered prison, the copy of the Bible, with which every cell is equipped. "I had supposed it to be a dry, dead thing—a book fit for only priests and saints; but now whenever I could get a chance to communicate with my mates in the workshop, I told them that it was a splendid thing, that Bible."

As he read, conviction deepened. He knew that he ought to pray; but, though alone, was ashamed. Every sin stared him in the face. He fell on his knees and was so ashamed he jumped up again. He fell on his knees again, and cried out for help, and then as ashamed as before, he arose again.

Getting no help from the Sunday services, except when once in a while a man full of the Holy Ghost preached, he was visited by a young lady who had learned that he was seeking the Savior. As she kneeled with him in prayer, he looked through his fingers and saw her tears fall. An indescribable awe fell upon him.

That night he fell upon his knees, on the hard stone floor of his cell, resolved to stay there till he found forgiveness for his sins. His knees were

rooted to those cold stones. "All at once it seemed as if something supernatural was in his room. He was afraid to open his eyes. He was in an agony, and the sweat rolled off his face in great drops. Just then, in the very height of his distress, it seemed as if a hand was laid upon his head, and these words came unto him: "My son, thy sins, which were many, are forgiven." In the joy that followed, he did not know whether he was in this life or not. He clapped his hands and shouted, "Praise God! Praise God!" The keeper was frightened, and, coming near, asked in a scared voice, "What is the matter?" "I've found Christ! My sins are forgiven! Glory to God!" "What?" exclaimed the keeper. "I've got religion!" he answered again.

It is a curious comment on the blindness of men to the wonderful works of God that the keeper only wrote down the number of his cell to report him for disorder!

From that time Jerry's prison life was transformed. His days were filled with joy. His cell was a heaven. Prayer and communion with God over the Bible, now more precious than ever, filled the waking hours of the night. The hour at noon, when the convicts were allowed to speak to each other, was busily employed in speaking of Christ to comrades, selected and prayed for before. Quite a number were thus won to the Savior.

When the sentence was only half out, McAuley was pardoned. For the want of a single Christian friend, he went astray again. Through the depths of sin God's Spirit followed him and reclaimed him, and taught him that his only safety was in entire abandonment of all evil, and in positive consecration to work for souls. Says Dr. Pierson: "No man knows a *full salvation* until he gets to this same fork in the road, and deliberately takes the way of self-denial for Christ and service for souls."

The story of Water Street and Cremorne missions is a story of the gospel's power in transforming the most depraved characters, and redeeming from utter lawlessness and vice sections of the city which were before without religious effort.

God, who used Jerry McAuley to project these missions, so wonderfully blessed his efforts that the virtue and piety of the great city came to understand that here the power of God in convicting and converting souls proved the gospel equal to all possible demands.

It is not too much to say that the history of the McAuley mission has taught the church afresh the lesson that the greater the desperation in the state of any place or people, the better the opportunity to prove the power of the simple Gospel.

William Duncan, seeing from the palisades of

the British Columbian barracks the savage Indians eating dog, and afterward killing and eating a captive maiden; and burning with a desire, afterward realized, to see them redeemed and Christianized; and Dr. Chalmers, looking upon the seething masses in darkest Edinburg, and saying of the gospel's opportunity, "beautiful, beautiful!" were illustrations of the same faith in the gospel's power.

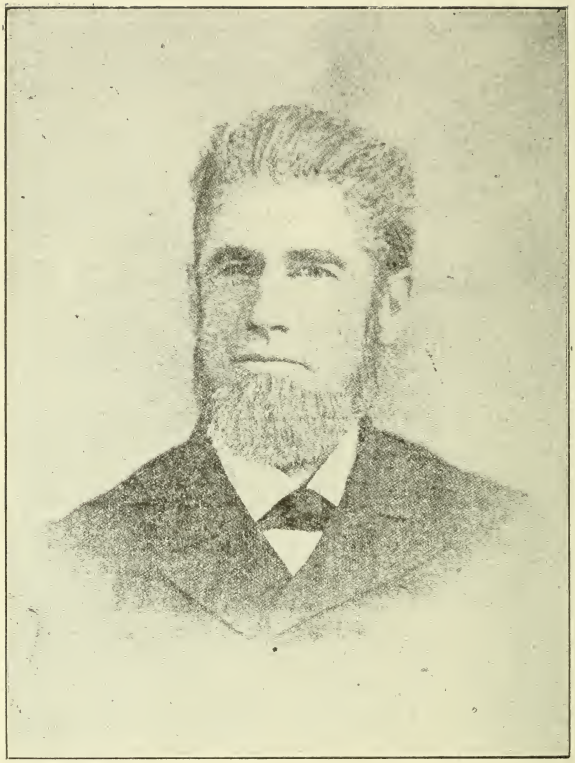
How wonderfully it was illustrated in the every night mission work in the McAuley missions one needs to read the history of the mission to fully understand.

So impressed was George Kenna, the great traveler, with the intense earnestness of the prayer meetings that he said: "There seem to be two kinds of truth in the world, ordinary and every day truth, and Jerry McAuley prayer meeting truth." Do not these two kinds of truth appear to every close and candid observer of the pentecostal and non-pentecostal Christian work of today.

Jerry McAuley "fell asleep in Jesus," September 18th, 1884, after twelve years of most fruitful and happy labor. One of the most remarkable gatherings New York has known was that at his funeral. After the services at Broadway Tabernacle were closed, for four hours the procession

moved by the open coffin, "redeemed convicts and the gentlemen of the land alike bursting into tears as they looked for the last time on that pale face, which ladies of quality and women who had been sinners, alike kissed with grateful love."

The last proof of God's having been in the work is seen in the fact that the missions still thrive, God carrying on His work after burying His workman.



REV. F. L. CHAPPELL

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR LABORERS.

EV. F. L. CHAPPELL, who recently fell asleep in Jesus, has written a little book un- the above caption, which is unique and strik- ly suggestive, and we are inclined to believe t the explanation of the origin and purpose of various Pentecostal movements of the day are arly stated in this book. He says:

'If our Lord's parables cover the whole dispen- on, as some excellent interpreters suppose; l if we are nearing the end of the dispensation, eleventh hour laborers, mentioned in Matt. 5, 6, may represent a class hitherto unemploy- but now called into service because of the ur- ncy of the work during the closing days.

The call at the third, sixth and ninth hours is re ordinary and normal, since these are the nmon greater divisions of the day which labor- are wont to observe. But rarely do we ever ır of workmen being engaged for only the last ır of the day. The action of the householder nusual and may represent the urgent need of herto unemployed laborers as the dispensation closing.

And is this not the meaning of much that we are now beholding? Certainly a class of Christian laborers hitherto unemployed are by some power being urged into the work. And can we deny that they come at the call of the Master? Do they not work with a zeal corresponding to the urgency of the time? Faith missions, special missions, personal missions, independent missions, undenominational missions, etc., are now added to the old-time and long-time methods of evangelization. They do not supersede those in the field before then any more than the bicycle supersedes the use of horses and carriages; but simply meet the more urgent demand of the swift going times.

But if the Lord of the vineyard pays these last first; and gives them equal reward with those in the field before them, are they not precious in his estimation? And are not their labors worthy of special attention?

SOME PRINCIPAL GROUPS.

The China Inland Mission, organized thirty years ago by J. Hudson Taylor, has six or eight hundred missionaries, who are laboring heroically for the evangelization of that great empire. The Salvation Army, under the direction of General Booth, is reaching out in every direction after the fallen. The Christian and Missionary Alliance

led by A. B. Simpson, is belting the globe with mission stations. The East London Institute Mission, managed by H. Grattan Guinness, has now more than six hundred missionaries in the field, and are sending out others at the rate of one per week. The work in South Africa, under the leadership of Andrew Murray, Peniel Mission, led by Mrs. Manie Fergurson, with scores of similar enterprises, too numerous to mention, all belong to the eleventh hour movement.

THEIR EQUIPMENT.

The eleventh hour laborer is called at the *last* hour; hence his equipment for the work is peculiar. The urgency of the case demands "short cut" methods in preparing for the work. Training schools, Bible institutes, etc., are springing up all over the country.

Notwithstanding the criticisms hurled at these schools, they have come to stay. They are an essential part of the eleventh hour work. They stress three points: 1. God reigning in you—the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. 2. The Bible in the heart for the sword in the hand. 3. Practical work, by laboring in missions, street meetings, evangelistic tours, etc. They go, Bible in hand, anointed with the Spirit.

THEIR MESSAGE.

"Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Men are bidden to prepare for the coming of Jesus. Repentance and conversion for the sinner, and sanctification with the fulness of the Spirit for the believer—these two themes constitute the burden of their ministry. It does not require so much preparation to effectively declare these great truths, provided the cloven tongue has been given. In fact, these truths are uttered by the eleventh hour laborers with more telling effect than by any other class of workers. We have seen uneducated, frail women, filled with the Spirit, more powerful in winning souls than half a dozen cultured doctors of divinity.

THEIR LITERATURE.

There is an expectant, aggressive, exultant note in their literature indicating the stirring character of their work. Notice some of the names of their papers, such as, "Age to Come Herald," "Coming Age," "Herald of Life," "Herald of Salvation," "Herald of Holiness," "Messiah's Herald," "Faithful Witness," Holiness Evangelist," "Times of Refreshing," "Regions Beyond," "Warning Cry," etc. The rapid increase of this type of literature within the past few years is profoundly suggestive. Some of it is distributed

gratuitously, and almost all of it is the heart cry of little companies of devout, choice, fragrant spirits, here and there. This kind of spiritual food has become a necessity, and is largely read by hungry souls. The holiness literature of the day reads much like the New Testament. Thank God for the rich spiritual food given us by the eleventh hour movement.

THEIR SONGS.

The character and mission of a people is clearly seen in their songs: for they are but the voice of the heart. There is an absence in eleventh hour music of the heavy, sombre and sad. The eleventh hour music is as noisy as the deafening shouts that rose beneath the walls of Jericho as they marched seven times in succession around it. Please observe that much of the last day was spent in marching and shouting. Many of God's dear children believe that they discover the advancing rays of the Sun of Righteousness coming over the eastern hills, and that the Jericho of sin will soon fall before King Immanuel; hence as Brother Chappell says, "a kind of disorderly exuberance has seized the believing ones, as in faith they fill up the part assigned to them, and shout and sing and pray in view of what their God is about to do. The time for orderly marching and

solemnly waiting is nearly over, and the time of tumultuous victory is close at hand, or, to change the figure, it is no longer the sowing in tears, but the reaping in joy that is now in order. Hence, the almost hilarious songs of the reapers are following so closely upon the former sad tears of the sowers ,yea more, almost mingling together. Bear with them, then, even if they seem rather incongruous. The unusual trumpetings and shoutings seemed proper enough when the walls had fallen. But the instinct of faith multiplied its expression before the fact.

WOMEN WITNESSING.

One of the peculiarities of the eleventh hour movement is the emphasis it places on woman's work. "The women that publish the glad tidings are a great host." Quiet, humble girls are being called into the work, and the Spirit is resting mightily upon the "daughters" and "handmaidens," according to Joel's prophecy. Just as when an emergency arises the women are pressed into service, like housing a harvest on the farm when a storm is seen approaching, or helping to save goods from a house on fire, so their call is thought to be the result of an emergency movement, to give the world its final call.

THEIR CONVOCATIONS.

Conventions, institutes, camp-meetings, etc., are a necessary part of the eleventh hour work. Meetings for the deepening of the Christian life, for learning more about "his glorious appearing," for stirring up fervent missionary interest, etc., are dotting the whole land. Step into any of them, and you will find a body of earnest, thoughtful Christians, discussing such themes as "Holiness," "The Coming of the Lord," "The Regions Beyond," and kindred subjects. The unity of the Spirit is clearly manifest in these gatherings; for denominationalism is not mentioned, though nearly every sect is represented. More important questions are engaging their attention than the issues on which most denominations differ. They are getting ready for "the gathering together unto him."

THEIR TABERNACLES.

Believing as they do that they are an "emergency force," called to give the world its final warning, preparatory to, the return of the Lord, they do not attach great importance to the brick and mortar feature of the work, choosing to expend their energies in soul saving, rather than in the erection of costly church edifices. They are a people of tabernacles, tents, old ware-houses, brush arbors and open air meetings.

MISSIONARY ZEAL.

They literally go everywhere, preaching the word. The gift of the Holy Spirit, according to Act 1 :8, sends them to the uttermost parts of the earth. Missions are no longer a dead letter with them, and there will be no abatement of their tireless zeal, until the last tribe and nation has heard the gospel. Not only do they give their money, but they give *themselves* to this work. They will either go in person to the heathen lands, or send some one else.

THEIR FACES.

The celestial fires which burn in the soul are usually reflected in the face. A shrewd observer can generally distinguish the eleventh hour laborer by the expression of the countenance. There is a restful, hopeful and oftentimes joyful and unearthly glow about their faces that cannot but impress the close observer. A certain lady said to her husband, as he returned from church, "I know you are sanctified, because you look just like those holiness people." Whence cometh this far away look, this supernatural touch? Evidently it is from the Christ enthroned within.

THEIR TESTINGS.

They are a peculiarly tried people. The devil, the flesh, the world and many formal church mem-

bers combine to crush them. Their aggressive and holy lives are a constant rebuke to the world. Satan attacks them in subtle and fierce ways, unknown to many who are not living in the "heavenlies," but in the midst of it all they are hid in the secret of His pavilion, and kept from the strife of tongues, and are coming forth out of these furnace experiences with a "deeper death to self," and a sweeter and more conscious union with Christ. The furnace takes only the dross way, and puts the heavenly "shine" on them.

THEIR BASE OF SUPPLIES.

They go to the Lord for everything. "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him," expresses their attitude. Hence the various institutions supported by faith.

We might speak of the swiftness of their movements, the intensity of their efforts for souls, according to Jude 23, and various other characteristics, suggested by Brother Chappell's line of thought; but already this article has gone beyond the usual length. Suffice it to say that agencies, methods and means are being pressed into service in these closing days that could not have been so effectively used in the past, but are now among the mighty forces used in dealing the final blow against the power of darkness, and ushering in the millennial reign.

DATE DUE

DEMCO NO. 38-298

NEASE LIBRARY EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE
BV3780 .M12 GOULD
McClurkan, James O./Chosen vessels (illu
3 2999 00024 1989
GOULD LIBRARY
EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE

Gould BV 3780 M12 232
McClurkan, J. O.
Chosen vessels.

DATE	ISSUED TO

Gould BV 3780 M12 232
McClurkan, J. O.
Chosen vessels.